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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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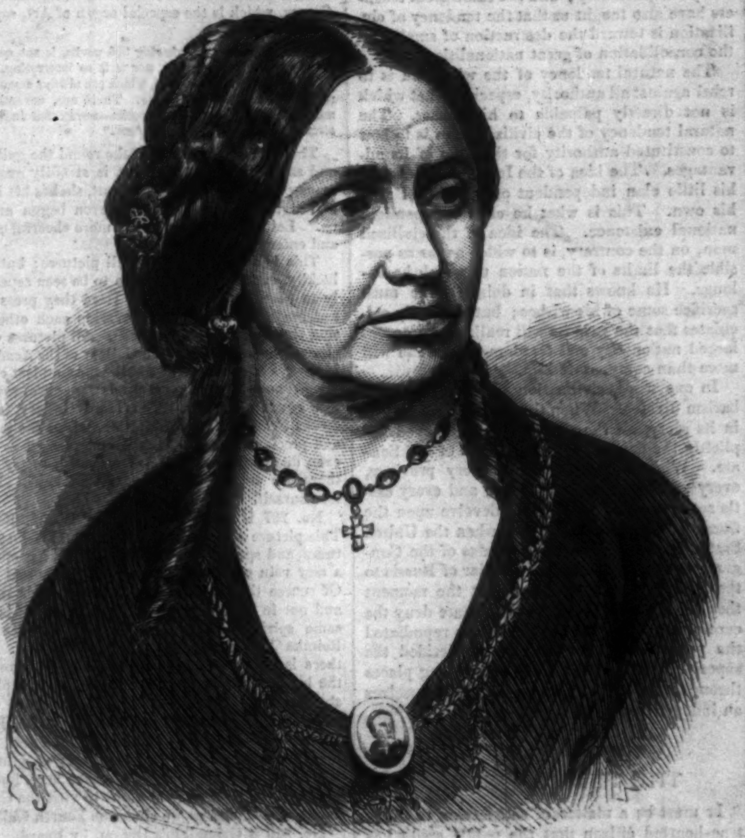

MRS. GENERAL GAINES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE GREAT GAINES CASE.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mrs. General Gaines, the heroine of the most remarkable lawsuit ever prosecuted in our civil courts. This lady has just won a case which entitles her to a property variously estimated at from ten to fifteen millions of dollars. The circumstances which gave rise to that case constitute a romance stranger than the boldest fancies of novel writers.

Just sixty years ago a young man, handsome, polished, brave, energetic, who, from some strange whim, had devoted himself to a life of trade among the Indians and French settlers on the Mississippi, spent a winter in the American metropolis of that day—Philadelphia. The young man's name was DANIEL CLARK. He was fond of gayety and social pleasures. In some social haunt he met a French lady of uncommon beauty and rare wit, named ZULIME CARRIER. She was living with a Frenchman named Lagrange, a common adventurer, whether legitimately married to him or not it is now not easy to discover. In 1805 this lady left Lagrange, and went to live with Daniel Clark. The theory accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States is that Zulime Carrier was never married to Lagrange, and that she was married, privately, to Daniel Clark. In 1806, at Philadelphia, the only issue of her union with Clark—Myra, the present Mrs. Gaines—was born.

After the birth of this child it would seem that Clark sent Zulime to New Orleans, and prosecuted his amatory career at Philadelphia with the gay freedom of a bachelor. He engaged himself in marriage to the celebrated Miss Caton, who afterward married the Marquis of Wellesley. He formed other connections, the offspring of which have figured in the Gaines case. After a time Zulime returned to Philadelphia, and claimed her rights as a wife. Clark denied her right to the title, and she was unable to maintain it. She seems herself to have recognized the feebleness of her claim; for soon afterward she married or accepted the protection of a Dr. Gardette, with whom she lived till his death.

Meanwhile Daniel Clark grew tired of Capua, and returned to New Orleans. He formed extensive business connections, and being gifted with rare mercantile capacity, made money in every thing he touched. He soon became the leading merchant on the Mississippi. Those were the days when fortunes were made in judicious trading with the Indians. Daniel Clark was one of the wise men who saw the opportunity and turned it to account. When his daughter Myra was yet a child, her father was a rich man, whose wealth was daily increasing.

It does not appear that he ever took steps to reunite his fortunes with those of his much-loved Zulime. But he certainly took charge of her child Myra, had her properly educated, and testified much affection for her on all occasions.

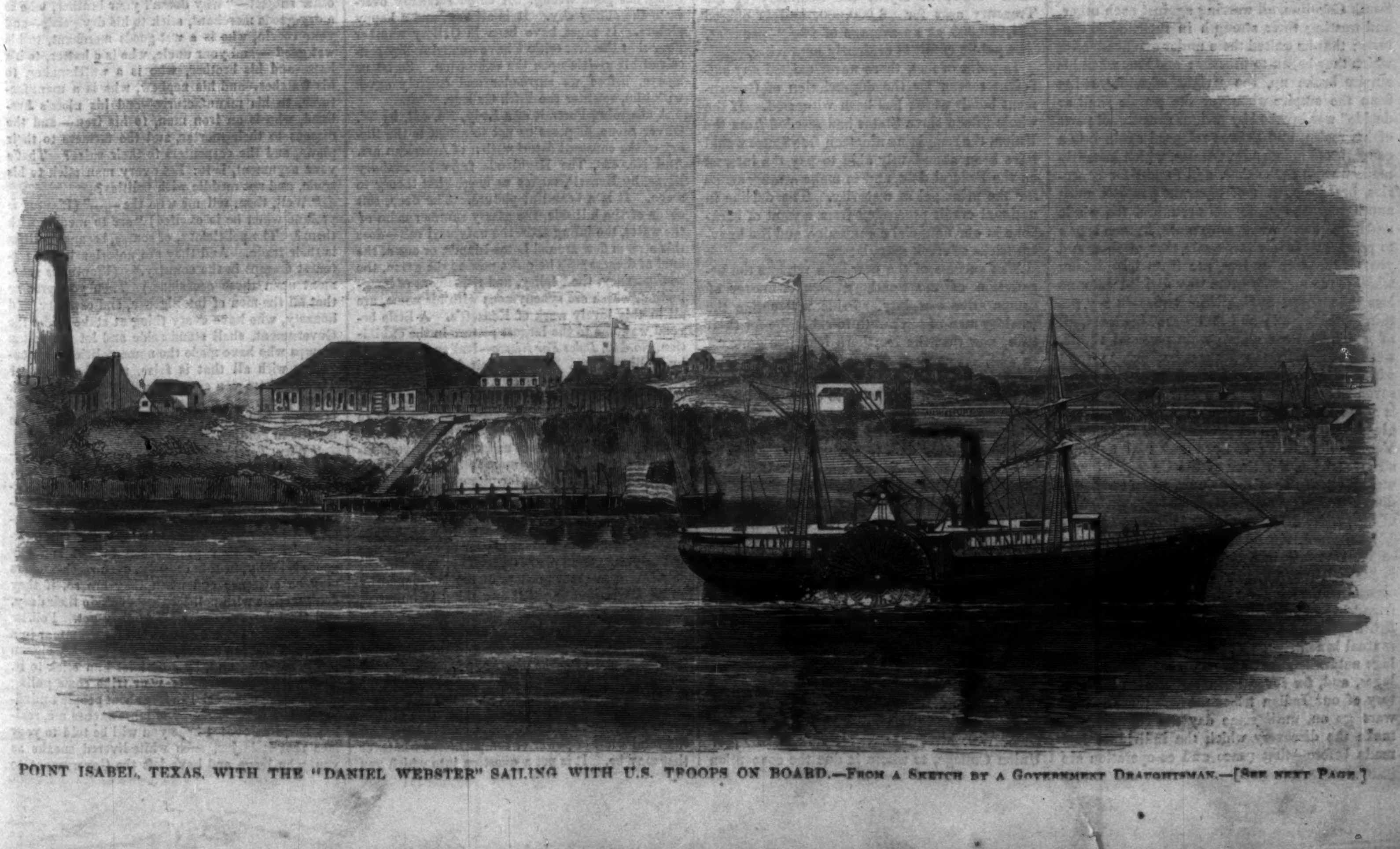
In 1813 Daniel Clark died, leaving an immense fortune, mostly invested in land in New Orleans and other cities on the Mississippi. A will was produced, bequeathing his fortune to his mother and to the city of New Orleans. The legatees and executors entered into possession.

Some thirteen years afterward Myra, his daughter, married a Mr. Whitney, of New Orleans, and set up a claim as heir to the property. Thus the great Gaines suit began. Myra claimed to be the only legitimate daughter of Daniel Clark, and sought to have the above-mentioned will set aside. It was natural that, where so much property was at stake, the claim should be hotly contested. It was so; and Mr. Whitney, Myra's husband, died during the first campaign in the war. His widow—young, beautiful, and as energetic as her father—continued to prosecute the suit. Meeting General Gaines shortly afterward, she married him, and he espoused her cause with warmth. The case was tried and lost at New Orleans: it was carried to the Supreme Bench at Washington, and lost there too. In 1852 the hopes of Mrs. Gaines seemed utterly extinguished, and the death of General Gaines appeared to crush out the last ember of expectation.

But the lady had an indomitable spirit. After the judgment of 1852 a will was discovered, duly executed by Daniel Clark, certifying that Myra was his only legitimate child, and creating her his sole heir. This will Mrs. Gaines offered for probate, and sued the possessors of her father's property thereupon. In the New Orleans Court the case went against her. She appealed again to Washington; and after several years of tedious legal proceedings, she obtained a judgment on March 14, 1861, confirming the will, declaring her the only rightful heir of Daniel Clark, and entitling her not only to the whole property left by him, but to the rents of the same during the thirty odd years which had elapsed since she first set up her claim.

So the case now stands. The judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice Wayne, of Georgia, who significantly remarked that the Supreme Court would have their decree carried out in Louisiana. No one knows how far the secession of that State may have impaired the power of the United States Supreme Court within the State limits. Mr. Justice Wayne's *dictum* looks as though the judgment would be acknowledged. If it is, Mrs. General Gaines will soon be the richest woman in America.

The portrait which we publish herewith reveals something of the indomitable spirit and energetic will which has enabled this lady to prosecute her case through so many courts, and for so many weary years.


POINT ISABEL, TEXAS, WITH THE "DANIEL WEBSTER" SAILING WITH U.S. TROOPS ON BOARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE "DANIEL WEBSTER" AT POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.

We publish on page 225, from a drawing by a Government draughtsman, a view of Point Isabel, Texas, with the steamer *Daniel Webster* lying off the coast. Point Isabel was a place of note in the Mexican war, and the name will be familiar to our readers. The *Webster* arrived here from thence, on Saturday, March 30, with United States troops.

The reporter of the Associated Press states:

> "When the *Webster* sailed there were left at Fort Brown one company Third Artillery, Captain Dawson commanding, and two companies of Second Cavalry, Captain Stoneman commanding. The posts in the upper part of Texas had generally been abandoned, and the troops were being concentrated on the sea-coast. Colonel Backus was at Fort Brown, and two companies Third Infantry, under Major Sibley, were expected soon. The Indians followed the march of the troops, and committed great havoc among the people, killing some and running off their stock. Major Sibley chastised some of the savages. Great fear is felt all along the line of the Rio Grande, and indeed the whole frontier, of attack from Indians. Cortinas was understood to be simply waiting the departure of the Federal troops to recommence operations on a larger scale than heretofore, and in which he was checked by the army of last year.
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> "The *Daniel Webster* passed the *Star of the West* about two hundred miles off Tortugas. The *Daniel Webster* has had a remarkably pleasant passage, and the troops on board are all in fine health. When they reached Key West they found the people very much excited, and apparently not inclined to furnish them with fresh water; but finding that the troops were determined to take by force, if necessary, whatever supplies were needed, they complied with the request, although with very ill grace. The troops which arrived here on Saturday in the *Daniel Webster* proceeded to Fort Hamilton Saturday night, where they will remain until further orders are received from head-quarters."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 13, 1861.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CENTRALIZATION.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, of South Carolina, in a Message recently transmitted to the Legislature of that State, asserts that South Carolina has "made an advance in the science of government by engrafting the fundamental right of a separate and independent State to withdraw from any confederacy that may be formed, whenever her people, in sovereign convention assembled, shall so decide."

We will not stop to question the merit of the "advance" which South Carolina is here said to have made. But we must say, in justice to the ancients, that Governor Pickens is stealing their laurels. If it be a credit to establish separate governments, and to maintain separate nationalities on either side of each mountain ridge or river, the glory is due to the men who lived a thousand years ago or thereabouts. Governor Pickens and his State are borrowing the scanty honors of the barons of the Middle Ages. For they it was who invented the system of small nationalities, and an endless series of secessions.

The events of the past few months have done much to shake our belief in the teachings of history, and in the grand old truths which are preached in the lives of such men as George Washington and Benedict Arnold. But still, facts are facts, and can not be controverted. It is a fact, for instance, that before Charlemagne, France consisted of a series of small nations like South Carolina, all warring against each other, and wasting their strength in internecine contests; that he united them under one head, after which they began to prosper; and that when his empire broke up, the "right of withdrawing from the empire whenever the people shall so decide" was invoked by various constituent parts of his realm, and France relapsed again into a congeries of independent States, which instantly made war on each other, and fought for centuries, breeding races of ignorant paupers, until another great man forcibly reunited the whole under one head, when, once more, France began to prosper. It is a fact again that, a thousand years ago, more or less, the little island from which our ancestors came was divided into no less than seven distinct kingdoms—to say nothing of Scotland; and that these kingdoms, all of which insisted on separate national rights, were steeped in the deepest barbarism; from which none of them emerged until the whole seven began to be united under one head. It is a fact that Italy—notwithstanding occasional gleams of energy and prosperity at Genoa and Venice—has never enjoyed any real national strength from the time of the Cæsars, when it was under one head, until now, when the Kingdom of Italy is reconstituted. The same is true of Spain, Germany, and Russia.

In a word, the history of all nations is the same. At first, in a state of nature, every man is his neighbor's enemy, and fights him when occasion offers. By-and-by he discovers that friendship and mutual assistance are better than fighting, and he agrees to an association for mutual benefit. This is the village. This village naturally goes to war with neighboring villages, and, for several generations—as the history of our Indian tribes proves—these village wars go on, until some day the communities make the discovery which the individual had made before—that peace and co-operation are better than war and disunion. Then several villages unite together, and form a county, a tribe, a State, or a province. The province or tribe or State follow the time-honored example, and war with other provinces, tribes, or States, until exhaustion and ripened intelligence teach them, too, the lesson that it is better to be friends than foes. Then several of the tribes or provinces or States unite, and constitute A NATION. This is the history of Great Britain; it is the history of France; the history of Spain; the history of Germany; the history of Russia; and, we venture to say, it will be the history of America notwithstanding secession.

So far from the doctrine of secession being an improvement in political science invented by South Carolina, it is, on the contrary, one of the oldest of the doctrines of barbarous nations in the dark ages. Nothing is commoner, in ancient history, than the rebellions of minorities against the decision of majorities. It is ripened experience and enlarged civilization which alone have taught and enforced the great truth that minorities must yield to majorities, and yield peaceably; and the same great teachers have also taught us that the tendency of civilization is toward the destruction of small and the consolidation of great nationalities.

The natural tendency of the wild man is to rebel against all authority, especially that which is not directly palpable to his senses. The natural tendency of the civilized man is to bow to constituted authority for the sake of its advantages. The idea of the Indian is to declare his little clan independent of all control save his own. This is what he calls independent national existence. The idea of the civilized man, on the contrary, is to widen as far as possible the limits of the nation to which he belongs. He knows that in doing so he must sacrifice some of his wishes; but he wisely calculates that the gain he will realize from an enlarged nationality and freedom from strife will more than compensate him.

In one word, civilization centralizes. Barbarism divides. When the Roman Empire was in its glory, all the civilized world obeyed implicitly the decrees and the officers of the Senate. When it fell into ruin every province, every proconsulate, every town, and every castle set up for itself. Shall it devolve upon the future historian to report that when the United States were in their glory, the acts of the Congress were obeyed from the frontier of Russia to the frontier of Mexico; but that the moment they broke up not only did each State deny the central authority, but many counties repudiated the power of their States, cities derided the superior control of counties, and strong places throughout the country arrogated to themselves an independent robber sovereignty?

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

It must be a matter of satisfaction to every true-hearted citizen that the public credit has begun to improve. In the spring of 1860 United States Sixes were worth at least 15 per cent. premium. In November of the same year a political panic, assisted by the flooding of the market with bonds stolen from the Indian trust fund, caused them to decline to 6 @ 7 discount. In February last, after the secession of the Cotton States, they were barely salable at 90¼ per cent. Now, in April, the Secretary of the Treasury asks for $8,000,000, and is offered $34,000,000 at an average of 93$\frac{50}{100}$ per cent. The public credit is evidently improving.

In point of fact, there never existed any sufficient reason for the depreciation of Government bonds which has been witnessed. If the whole fifteen slave States had seceded from the Union, the remaining nineteen free States would have been abundantly able to pay the interest on the Federal debt, and to make arrangements for the principal at maturity. The decline in national credit proceeded from a want of backbone in our financial community, and the knavish tricks of stock speculators.

The success of the new loan renders the negotiation of the Southern loan a matter of comparative certainty. Pride will oblige the wealthy men of the South to subscribe for their loan, now that the Northern loan has gone off so well.

The people in both sections will realize, in due time, that if they wish to enjoy the luxury of a Government they must pay for it. Savages retrench themselves in selfish independence, and leave their chiefs to support themselves by plundering the weak and levying toll on the cowardly. Civilized nations tax themselves voluntarily for the support of their Government, and the more onerous the tax the clearer the evidence of the satisfaction of the governed. Certain efforts which have lately been made to break down the credit of both Governments prove, that if we have still primitive people among us, they are powerless to oppose the enlightened will of our people.

☞ In publishing last week the diagram of the "Ups and Downs of the States," we accidentally omitted to give due credit for it to Professor **Wm. Mitchell Gillespie**, LL.D., of Union College, to whom is due the conception and the development of this striking manner of presenting to the eye at a single glance relations and variations which the largest study of mere numerical tables could with difficulty suggest.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

Last week we stopped in our tour through the Academy exhibition just as we were entering the third room. Stop a moment longer and look at these two notices of the Academy, which have fallen in our way since last week. One of them begins in this melancholy way:

> "It is in an eminent degree dispiriting to be forced to chronicle, year after year, the deterioration of the Academy exhibitions. Fewer good pictures, about the same number of tolerable ones, and an enormous increase of rubbish. If the annual exhibitions be practically, as they are in theory, an indication of the condition of painting in this country, the conclusion is inevitable, either that the Academy fails to fulfill its contemplated ends, *or that the conditions essential to the steady growth of art do not yet exist among us.*"

How doleful that is! On the other hand, *The Crayon*, which is the especial organ of Art, says, in a cheerful strain:

> "The collection, numbering 576 works, is not quite so large as that of last year, nor is it so interesting, there being too few figure-subjects, which are always essential to render an exhibition effective. There are, nevertheless, many striking and excellent works—*works that indicate a steady and vigorous growth of art.*"

There it is! One man looks round the galleries and says, "Well, at least art is steadily growing among us." Another looks about, shakes his head, and sighs, "Well, art hasn't even begun among us." Let us chime in with the more cheerful critic, and enter the Third Gallery.

This is devoted to the small pictures; but, unluckily, small pictures require to be seen separately to be fully appreciated. Here they press and squeeze, and, so to speak, overlap each other, so that they can not be fairly seen. All pictures want elbow-room. But the Third Gallery of the Academy is always like a crush at a ball—the simplest country girl and the most gorgeous dowager are crowded into equal obscurity. The Third Gallery is the *Grüne Gewölbe* of the exhibition, where the jewels and precious bits are heaped and massed so that even diamonds look dull. Do I mean to say that there are any diamonds here? Perhaps. Look for yourself.

No. 297 is the Astronomer, by W. H. Beard. This picture the Lounger saw in Buffalo last autumn, and spoke of it then. Mr. Beard has opened a new vein of humor—the comedy of animal life. Of course the comedy is in the spectator's mind, and not in the animal's consciousness. It is the same spirit in which Koulbach illustrates the Reinike Fuchs and Grandville, Fontaine. Yet there is positive humor in the round-eyed owl on the bald mountain peak. The picture is a pleasant sarcasm. No. 334 is Mr. Church's sole contribution to the exhibition, the Star in the East. It is remarkable for the brilliancy of the star, and the illustration of his singular mastery of light.

There are other pictures to be seen here, but we will pass on, reserving the right to visit the Green Vault again; and so we enter the Fourth Gallery.

No. 349 is Grimalkin's Dream, by Beard. The sleek cat sleeps, and dreams of fine fat poultry in her grasp, standing in the cloud-land of dreams, erect and humanly conscious, like Puss in Boots, as she displays her trophies. No. 374, The Culprit, is Eastman Johnson's best picture this year. It is a mere sketch, by no means so elaborately finished as the Husking, but a very faithful bit of nature. A little boy sits sullen upon a high stool in the corner. It is a good little boy, but something has gone wrong. A cloud suddenly overcasts the sunny sky. It is all boy, and a happy picture. It must have been in Gallery number Four that the first critic I have quoted to-day conceived his article upon the exhibition. So let us hasten, before we surrender and entirely agree with him, to enter the Fifth Gallery.

A charming Portrait of a Lady, No. 424, by W. Oliver Stone, disposes us not to assent to the theory of the constant deterioration of American art. And No. 428, The Highlands from Shrewsbury River, by Kensett, makes us laugh that theory to scorn. It is a beautiful picture. The deep, soft shade of the hill-side, the glassy summer-calm of the water, the idling sails, the universal rest—does this stream flow around Lotos-islands, or out of the land of dreams? The quiet power, the grace, the transparency, the fidelity, and refinement of imagination, which are synonymous with his name, are all in this lovely work of Kensett's. A little beyond we come to the largest picture in the exhibition, No. 440, *Dolce Far Niente*—Italian Peasants—by William Page. When we sit down before this picture we ask no more of American art, for we think only of Venetian. Tintoretto might have painted this, or Paul Veronese—shall we dare to whisper, or *Titian?* Mr. Page evidently thinks that the Venetian masters understood the possibility of the art of painting more fully than any others; that they knew how far pigments can go, and what key is necessary for a symmetrical picture. Therefore when you or I say that Tintoret might have painted this, I suppose we mean that Page has studied him as a great master of color, as you or I might have studied Jeremy Taylor, or Milton, or Addison as great masters of the language—by no means insinuating that any thing is imitated, in the baser sense.

The depth, and richness, and transparency of color in this work—the *fleshiness* of the flesh—the unshrinking imitation of the facts of nature in the costume and details—the vivid portraiture of the picturesque brutishness of the Campagna peasant, and the hopeless sadness of the impression of Italian country life, are equally remarkable here with the total want of power of composition—whatever that may be. It is not a question into which you and I, who are in a great hurry, and are rapidly using up our space, wish to enter now; and the picture is so masterly and delightful in many ways that we ought to congratulate the Academy upon such a prize in the exhibition, and reserve our meditations upon the question whether the copying faithfully in form, and color, and chiaro-'scuro of any object whatsoever makes a picture? Only let us ask as we turn away, sure to return to this seat many times in the season, if it be so, why are not Murillo's Madonnas as fine as Raphael's?

No. 489, Bears on a Bender, is a picture of Beard's, of which the Lounger has spoken before. The fidelity to bear nature is not less striking than the grotesque humor of the picture. And so we go on into the Sixth Gallery. No. 533, Gems for the Market, by Frank Howland, is a rich, glittering picture of Circassian Girls in a Slave-boat going to Constantinople, attended by eunuchs and guards. It is a vivid glimpse of the mingled bestiality and magnificence of Oriental life. The girls have the listless, sugary prettiness of ignorant puppets, for they are scarcely more, and the sensuality, ferocity, and languor of their guardians are admirably depicted. It is a spirited and effective picture. No. 551, Indian Summer, by Jervis McEntee, is one of the best landscapes in the galleries. The dreamy pervasive haze of the pensive season is most delicately and truthfully rendered; but the fault a Lounger would naturally find with the picture is, that so poetic an aspect of nature implies a more interesting passage of scenery than the painter has chosen. In a picture of Indian Summer the eye craves dreamy distances of shining haze—the ghosts of hills that glimmer out of sight—a winding stream arched by a bridge—"a shallop flitting silken-sailed"—gold heaps of corn on a creaking wagon which drowsy oxen draw, while the driver lounges behind and cuts a sunflower with his lazy lash, brushing the asters as he goes. It is not fair to measure this excellent picture of McEntee's by any standard so arbitrary as this—nor do I mean to do so. Mr. McEntee is too thoughtful and—in the old sense—painful, an artist, not to know thoroughly why he selects one scene rather than another; and his Indian Summer is another indication of the rapidity with which his fine eye and faithful hand are raising him to the heights of fame.

—Here we stop for the present, and pass out. If other visits shall reveal other pictures as good as those already named, a loyal Lounger will not fail to mention them—quite sure, in the mean time, that, as long as an Academy exhibition will furnish even as many good pictures as this, we need not give up all hope of American art.

STICK TO YOUR LAST.

Verdi, the composer, has been elected a deputy to the Italian Congress, and has therefore declined alluring engagements from Russia and France. The Lounger's neighbor Terence is of opinion that Verdi is a fool for so doing; that he makes a huge mistake. "Isn't he a musician?" cries Terence—"then why doesn't he stick to his trade? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" (Terence graduated last year.) "Let the shoemaker stick to his last, as Apelles said to the cobbler who found fault with the slipper the artist had painted."

Terence says it of Verdi; but he means it of some people nearer home. He is polite, and does not wish to be personal, and so castigates inferentially. "Melodus is a poet," he said, speaking of a distinguished political gentleman; "why doesn't he stick to poetry?"

"Bosh!" replied his friend Plautus, to whom Terence made the remark—"and you are a stock-broker; why the d—— don't you leave politics alone, and stick to stock-broking? Yes, and why doesn't your brother," continued Plautus, energetically, carrying the war into Africa, as the classical Terence would allow if the debate were upon any other subject—"why doesn't your brother, who is a dry-goods merchant, stick to his dry goods—and your cousin, who is a wet-goods merchant, to his wet goods—and your uncle, who is a hatter, to his hats—and his brother, who is a watchmaker, to his watches—and his nephew, who is a manufacturer, to his manufactures—and his niece's husband, who is an iron man, to his iron—and the masons to their mortar, and the farmers to their plows, and the carpenters to their rules? That's your argument, is it: Let every man stick to his trade, and not meddle with politics?

"Well, then, tell me who the ——" (Plautus *is* profane when he is excited) "*are* to meddle with them? The politicians, of course, because politics is their trade. And they are notoriously the rottenest scamps in the country." (Plautus *is* vehement upon these occasions.) Then you propose that all the men of intelligence, and capacity, and honesty, who have every thing at stake under the Government, shall stand aside and let the rotten scamps who have made the name politician synonymous with all that is false, rule the country? That is where you come to, with your absurd talk about poets, and mechanics, and merchants, and lawyers, and clergymen having no business to meddle in politics.

"Why, Terence—bless your poor addled poll!—it has not yet got through your brain, it seems, that in our system, where the people are the Government, politics is the peculiar and sacred business of every citizen. Are your uncle, and brother, and cousins, are all your relations any less citizens because they are dealers in wet and dry goods? Why, in this country, even stock-brokers may be citizens; and when they are so, if they don't meddle with politics they don't do their duty, and they deserve every thing they get. Politics is or are—for I don't care a cent for grammar in a matter of this importance—the *last* of every citizen in the country, and, by Jove! let him stick to it. And when you or any of your tribe come puling round with your weak twaddle about people's minding their own business—you must excuse me, really; but, by Jove! I hope you will be told to your face that it is just such white-livered sneaks as you, who leave and have left the Government to the scoundrels who make a trade of it, who are directly and morally responsible for all the troubles in which we find ourselves. By Jove! if you and your kind stuck to your last, as you call it, you'd stick to spitting in your own faces!"

Terence, of course, was moving off with dignity. Plautus ran after him, and held out his hand: "I beg your pardon, Terence. I know I am a boor: but, by Jove! the great difficulty with this country is just such fellows as you. Without you, we should be all that the best of us feel we can be. So much by way of apology. Good-morning!"

"OUR OWN."

MR. RUSSELL, who has written vivid descriptions of Eastern battles and sacks and "indiscriminate loots," has arrived upon these happy shores, and, unluckily, in his official capacity. Now when the historiographer of horrors as a well-bred, educated gentleman arrives any where, he is very sure to receive the welcome which Montague in his travels always presumed upon in stopping at the chateaux of the gentry. But when the historiographer comes to fulfill his vocation, his arrival ought to open our eyes and minds as to the conviction which causes him to be sent.

There has been a gush of curious rhetoric in the newspapers in regard to the Envoy of the Fourth estate. The newspapers, as has often been conceded in this department, are models of modesty. They inform us that it is they who control public affairs, that they are really the government of countries in these days, etc., etc., and they therefore rub their hands with complacency as they inform us that the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and the great-grandfather of the fixed stars among newspapers, the London *Times*, has sent its embassador to this government.

That is, at least, a pleasant and highly poetic way of saying that the London *Times* has sent a correspondent to the United States—a correspondent already famous for his brilliant and picturesque descriptions—his battle-pieces, as S—— calls them—and who has come to us as he went to India or the Crimea, to do our battles in the most gorgeous and impressive colors. But we have got the start of him. We are "doing" him in those gorgeous and impressive hues, and no one probably enjoys the unexpected glitter more than the correspondent himself. He will doubtless keep his eyes and ears open. He will hold his pen ready to sketch whatever novel, grotesque, characteristic, or tragic aspect of American life may fall under his observation. He will interweave his comments, grave or gay. He will form his conclusions, often as grotesque and crude, of course, as the phenomena upon which they are based. He will do among us precisely what the correspondents of the leading New York papers do among the Japanese; but as for establishing relations and inaugurating policies, etc., those are things not precisely within the province of newspaper correspondents, however able they may be.

Newspaper correspondents are usually selected not so much from their merits as statesmen and diplomatists, as from their power of entertaining, graphic, and accurate description of life and manners.

Nor let any sensitive journalist suspect the Lounger of a disposition to depreciate his craft and its influence. Whatever may be true of other countries, it is certainly a fact here, that newspapers, as such, have little influence. It is the opinion of the men who are known to control them which has weight, and that weight is measured by its individual merits. That is the very defect and weakness of our whole newspaper system. Papers are persons with us, not powers. The *Evening Journal* is Mr. Weed, the *Times* is Mr. Raymond, the *Tribune* is Mr. Greeley, the *Herald* is Mr. Bennett, the Charleston *Mercury* is Mr. Rhett. The papers these gentlemen control have just as much influence as their names carry, and no more; except the mechanical and factitious effect of an incessant repetition.

THE LAST TETRACHORDON.

"A BOOK was writ of late called Tetrachordon," sings Milton in one of his sonnets. "It walk'd the town a while," he continues. It was vehemently attacked and abused. In fact, it shared the fate of many a striking book before and since. The latest Tetrachordon is called Essays and Reviews, and is a collection of theological essays by some of the most conspicuous clergymen of the Church of England, including the Queen's chaplain and the successor to Dr. Arnold in the headship of Rugby School. It has been republished in this country under the name of "Recent Inquiries in Theology," and has already passed to a second edition.

The latest accounts from England describe the great ecclesiastical excitement which the volume has occasioned there. No less than six thousand clergymen of the Church are reported to have petitioned or protested against it. Twenty-five bishops have fulminated an edict against it. And, in this country, one of the most ardent of Churchmen declares it to be the pernicious book of the century. All the English papers, secular and sacred, join in the deep bay of the hunt. What shall be done is not yet decided. What ought to be done the crowd of ecclesiastics are fully persuaded. But while the voice of denunciation clashes with the other voice that denounces the spirit of the denunciation, and while it is yet a question whether several of the most eminent English clergymen—by personal character, by scholarship, and by position—shall be degraded from their order, the Bishop of London lifts his voice and cries out, in a tone that pierces the din of censure, "Already your angry talk has dispersed edition after edition of what you condemn as the most dangerous of books, and you are sadly mistaken if you suppose you can remedy the error by denouncing the errorist. You can confound their influence only by confuting their arguments."

In the midst of a wild uproar how grateful is a little common-sense! If this work is so terrible it must be proved so; and the Bishop of London is the only one who seems to have perceived that the more you hang a heretic the bigger he grows. Heresy thrives by hanging. The blood of the martyrs is not only the seed of the Church, it is the seed of every cause under heaven whose adherents are martyrized. If five clergymen of the Church of England, among its most pious, learned, and spotless servants, have published a collection of untruths, what is the obvious remedy? To kick them? Apparently not. But to show that they have spoken untruly. Let us, at least, quoth the Bishop of London, have common sense, though we are ecclesiastical.

GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.

A CONVENIENT edition of the Greek and Roman classics, carefully printed from the most approved editions of the best German and English scholars, and in a clear, black, delightful type, upon fine paper, and bound tastefully in flexible covers—books to slip into your pocket, yet not so insignificant that they might not be upon your table, and adorn it: in fine, the most scholarly and the handsomest edition of the earliest great works in literature is the Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, sold for forty cents the volume. Every scholar, every man or woman who reads with ease and pleasure, or wishes that their children should so read, the tragic and comic poets, the historians, and the lyrists of Greece and Rome, ought to know of this most excellent series. And every school-boy and collegian who has a real interest in his studies (and there are such!) will be proud and glad to own so neat and "knowing" a collection.

We Americans are not thought to know much Greek and Latin after we leave college; and probably not many of the gentlemen who leave town presently for Newport or Saratoga put Virgil or Homer or Aristophanes into their pockets. And yet there are such, also. The Lounger was quietly coming through the Sound upon a steamer, one fine autumn morning last year, and the conversation of a pleasant party fell upon favorite authors. "My vade-mecum is Montague," said Shem. "And mine Charles Lamb," said Ham. "And mine Horace," said Japhet, pulling a neat pocket copy of the gay Roman out of his coat. It was well thumbed, and the graceful cultivation of the man showed that it was well conned. The wonder is that Japhet was a candidate for the New York Assembly! Of course he was defeated. Think, O Lobby, of a member who actually read Horace in the original for pleasure!

CLOUDY WEATHER.

THE Parisian Loungers, and in fact those of all the world, are necessarily excited by the Mires swindle, or "affair," in Paris. It is not merely that a leading stock-gambler has failed or played false which makes the commotion. That is an event not entirely unprecedented. But the general suspicion that somehow the government is implicated; that perhaps even the Emperor's name may be associated with the matter; that it is only a fissure through which you may have a glimpse into the abyss of rottenness underlying French society; that nothing is sound; that nobody is honest; that France, socially and politically, and morally and commercially, is undermined, as Paris is by the catacombs, and that at any moment there may be a frightful ingulfing—it is the vague suspicion of these things that disturbs the confidence of France, and invests the mystery which shrouds the Mires "affair" with peculiar terror.

The truth probably is, that however evident the ability of the Emperor individually may be, there is a deep doubt of the stability of the empire. Who feels sure, for instance, either in France or any where else, that if the Emperor Napoleon died his son would peacefully succeed, or that France would not fall again immediately into her chronic political chaos? Whatever Louis Napoleon's ministers may have said to any American citizen about the necessity of a "strong" or despotically absolute government as universally necessary, his own dynasty and his own crown, if he lives long, are secure only in the degree that he recognizes the only possible basis of permanent government, as demonstrated by historical experience—the consent of the governed. A "strong" government, in the usual sense—that is, a military government—has always been the strongest argument against itself. For it is always a "strong" government which provokes revolution. A system whose actual practical working rule is, the equal civil rights of mankind, and the greatest good of the greatest number, is the strongest system in the world. If Louis Napoleon is wise enough to see that, and wary enough to trust himself to it, he may sit comfortably and his son securely. But if his system corrupts French society as the old Bourbon system and the Louis Philippe system did, he too will fly over the frontier suddenly, and one apparently unimportant explosion may blow him and his into obscurity. Twice two perpetually makes four, whether of pebbles or of planets.

GOD WILLS IT.

THERE is a very common fatalism in Christendom which is always brought to support every kind of iniquity: and that is, that God permits it. The argument is that of an old reprobate who, being caught in his hoary age sinning as hard as ever, remarks with the utmost surprise, "Why, I've always done so. I've been stealing and cheating for sixty years. And people have been stealing and cheating ever since the world began. Why on earth do you interfere with me? Are you wiser than God, and hasn't he always permitted it?"

Stated in this way the argument is ridiculously transparent, but no more so than it is in every other. Brigham Young can quote you the nations that have encouraged polygamy—and God certainly permitted it, or there would have been no polygamy. History is full of lusts, murders, rapines, and tyranny. What then? Are these things good things? Is the fact that a crime has been committed a reason that it should continue to be committed? The great Teacher taught otherwise. That it was said by them of old time was not a reason with him. He told us that God can in no just sense be said to have permitted what is not according to perfect love and charity. God wills only what is right. If, therefore, any thing is repudiated by the universal human instinct, God does not will it, though it be as venerable and universal and easy as lying.

AN ANSWER.

"——, KENTUCKY.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have written you more than once to ask when the novel of 'Trumps' will be published, and so have many of my friends; but you have always declined to answer. Have you any particular objection to letting us know? Your friend, KITTY ——."

The Lounger is glad to inform his friend, and the many others who have asked him the same question, that "Trumps" is now published, with the admirable illustrations by Augustus Hoppin.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOR."

An International Duet.

LOUIS.

"COME, Mr. Bull, your purse is full,
Let's have a friendly game:
See, here I play you my *La Gloire*,
Now what's the card you name?"

JOHN.

"I play my *Warrior*, a good card,
And one I'll freely back:
Then follow suit with my *Black Prince*,
The king of all the pack.

"And so for every card you play,
You'll find that I'll play two:
My purse *is* heavy, as you say—
Who'll tire first, I or you?

"Your little game, my foreign friend,
Is one that two can play:
And he will be most sure to win
Who can the longest pay.

"But is it wise to waste our time
(Nor is that loss the chief),
In games that can do neither good,
And may bring both to grief?

"Throw up your cards, I'll throw up mine,
And cease this fruitless labor:
There's better work for each to do
Than Beggaring his Neighbor!"

MEMBERS OF THE SAME FAMILY THAT ARE VERY DISTANT TO ONE ANOTHER.

Washington is generally known as the "City of Magnificent Distances." We think, if the gulf keeps widening, that title will have to be taken from the capital, and given to the country at large; for if these secessions and ruptures continue much longer, it will be America itself that will soon be known as "THE NATION OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES."

ABORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

BY LORD MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

I.

Chackaboo, chickaboo, chuckaboo, chew,
Mark baby over with pretty tattoo;
Cut in the pattern like open-work tart:
Rub in the powder, and make baby smart.

II.

Catch a little white boy, catch him by the leg,
Kill a little white boy, get the crumbs and egg,
Fry a little white boy, do him brown and dry,
Put him on the table with the missionary pie.

III.

Tattoo him, tattoo him, artist-man,
So we will, father, as fast as we can,
Prick him, and prick him, and mark him with V,
For the name of the Queen that lives over the sea.

IV.

Will my baby go a courting,
Yes, and so my baby shall:
Take his club and bang the lady:
That's the way to court the gal.

V.

O fie, naughty Wang-Wang, don't scratch little brother,
You're spoiling his pattern, you mischievous dunce:
Live like good little cannibals, love one another—
Or Mamma 'll take you both, dear, and eat you at once.

VI.

What, cry when I'd cook you, not like to be stewed?
Then go and be raw, and not fit to be food.
Until you leave off, and I see that you've smiled,
I sha'n't take the trouble to eat such a child.

MISFORTUNE NEVER COMES SINGLY.—"Well, I declare, it's just like my luck (exclaimed a poor unfortunate merchant in the Borough) here have Hops been rising lately ever so high, and now, I'm told, the Poles have risen also."

ADVICE TO A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.—Try Bach.

A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF BROTHER JONATHAN.—Keep together, whatever you do. Maintain the Union at any risk. We tell you—and *Punch* never was wrong yet—that the secret of America's strength is gone, like every secret, the moment it is split.

It is the practice among waggish printers, when a "green 'un" enters the office, to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office for something that he would be sure not to find, and he returns with some strange article or other, thinking that, in printer's phrase, he has got what he was sent for. A joke of this kind was recently perpetrated in a neighboring town. A boy who was rather "verdant" went to learn the printing business, and one of the journeymen, loving sport, sent him one day with a dish to a certain editor to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor, understanding the game, returned a picture of a donkey. The first one, finding himself rather "come over," set his wits to work to think how he should be even with the other. At last he called the lad, and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was editorial which he wanted, and not the editor!"

A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in the act of patching an old garment with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin: "You are no man, and I can prove it by the highest authority." "How so?" replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity; "I should like to hear the evidence of your assertion." "You shall be accommodated, Sir," says the wag, asking at the same time if he recollected of ever having read the passage in the New Testament which declares that "no man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment?"

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down a garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world."—"Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

WHY SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Could it be virgin bashfulness
That still concealed the tender thought?
Or fear she might perchance confess
A love that was not sought?

Was it mere womanly caprice?
Or pride? or maidenly reserve?
Was it respect for mental peace?
Or merely want of nerve?

She could not choose but understand,
He thought, his little game of sighs,
Slow parting pressures of the hand,
Soft words, and "speaking eyes;"

The reason why (this was above
Ten years ago) he now knows well;
She simply never told her love,
Because—*she'd none to tell!*

A gentleman at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stand rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed according to the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it; and, drawing out a pen-knife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared—"There are your tags and buttons." "Very well," says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, "there is your ear!"

An old bachelor says he is delighted at having nearly been called "honey" by the girl he loves, because she saluted him at their last meeting as "Old Beeswax!"

Why is a hen immortal?—Because her *son never sets.*

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman the other day to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can't see your ears."

A beadle of one of the city churches of Glasgow being asked by an elder from the country whether he could recommend a person to act as a church-officer, replied that he could not. "Had you wanted a minister," he added, "I could direct you at once, but where to get one qualified to undertake a beadleship is mair than I ken."

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of one of the "old solemn wildernesses" of the Great West. "House? I ain't got no home."—"Well, where do you live?"—"I live in the woods, sleep on the great government purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi." And he added, "It is getting too thick with folks. You're the second man I've seen within the last month; and I hear there is a whole family come in about fifty miles down the river, and I am going to put out into the woods again."

A party of negroes in Ithica, New York, recently decided to have a ball. It took place about six miles out of the city, and they engaged a splendid six-horse team to take them to the spot. The owner of the team, a well-known white livery-stable keeper of Ithica, not wishing to intrust his team to the care of any one else, resolved to drive it himself. After the ball was opened one of the darkey managers politely invited the gentleman to go in as a spectator if he pleased, and he did so. After a while, the negroes becoming aroused by the dance, the odor of the room became slightly objectionable. As the ball progressed, the aroma became stronger and stronger, until he concluded to leave. Just at that moment he saw a number of darkeys in consultation, and one of them approached him with much politeness, and informed him that the ladies requested that he should leave the room. The darkey stated that he regretted to make the request, but that the ladies insisted, because, they said—he smelled too much of the stable!

The Rev. Dr. R——, of E——h, met one day in an omnibus Mr. T——, the celebrated speaker. Mr. T—— having just been returned to Parliament, asked Dr. R——, somewhat jauntingly, as to whether he would recommend him to follow any particular course in the House of Commons. Dr. R——, who deprecated the publicity that Mr. T—— was attracting toward both parties in the public conveyance, said, naively, "I recommend *moderatio in omnibus.*"

Mothers and maternal aunts will find the following tender epistle from one of the former to one of the latter, pleasing if not wholesome, from the moral it conveys:

"DEAREST SUSY,—Plantagenet will come by the train which arrives at 11 o'clock. Have luncheon ready for him at 12. Mutton broth, the inside of a chop, the thigh of a pheasant: he dines at 2—soup, a little fish, and a snipe will do for him. When he goes to sleep after dinner, put some worsted gloves on his hands; we are breaking him of sucking his thumbs. Warm the drawing-room sofa for him, and put three blankets over him. If he cries when he wakes (which he probably will do), buy him several toys and give him a wax doll or two. He pulls them to pieces, and they amuse him. If you have company at dinner, let him have a large dish of gravy near him, he always puts both hands in. When he is a man, we will leave this off. Let a servant sit up with him all night; if he wakes, let her have something hot for him. Be sure that you grease his nose for him well before he sleeps—he is given to snoring—a tallow-candle next the lighted end, is best.

"Truly yours, MATILDA BROWN."

A North Wales paper thus begins one of its paragraphs: "The inhabitants of Llanbedrgoch, and the contiguous parish of Llanfairmathafarneithaf." A very pleasant sound those last twenty-three letters must have!

The Bridgeport *Standard*, alluding to Lincoln's farewell speech, on leaving Springfield, says it illustrates the following stanza from Watts:

"So Abraham by Divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road."

Quoth Abraham, at Harrisburg—

"From my own house, I've walked in faith,
Sustained by the 'Divine command;'
But here, I think, *I'll change to steam*—
Lest I not see 'the promised land.'"

The Rev. W—— B—— is possessed of a large share of ready humor. At an evening party in the manse of Y——, some one related the incident of a barber having corrected an Edinburgh Professor in a Latin quantity. "I don't wonder," said Mr. B——, who was present, "a false quantity has always been deemed a *barbarism.*"

Some people, if asked by the poor for relief, are liberal of words, but of nothing else. The only purses they dispense charity from are their pursed-up mouths.

The meeting of two gentlemen in the theatre lobby is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, are you the box-keeper?" "No," replied the other; "are you?"

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.—Mr. Von Perkins (who has been invited to a funeral at No. 17, unhappily mistakes the number, and finds himself in the midst of a wedding)—"Excuse me, I am afraid I have made a mistake and come to the wrong house." [Paterfamilias, who is very superstitious, insists upon postponing the wedding for a month, much to the disappointment of Augustus and Julia.]

If a flock of geese see one of their number drink, they will all drink too. Men often make geese of themselves.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY.

"AT HOME. SMALL AND EARLY." REFRESHMENTS.

By Richard Doyle.

THE drawing which accompanies these few lines does not pretend to novelty of subject. Nor is it hoped that people "in society" will be struck with the representation of what they so constantly see, and, it may be added, feel in the Season. It is intended chiefly for the information of country cousins, intelligent foreigners, and other remote persons; also young ladies and gentlemen growing up, and not yet out, to let them know what and where they may expect to go to if they should "give up to parties what is meant for mankind." Perhaps, also, in the future, it may be news to that distinguished New Zealander so often referred to by contemporary writers, and who, we are given to understand, will himself be fond of drawing. Far be it from me to imply that this attempt to picture a manner and custom of modern society is likely to "live" in that distant period of posterity when St. Paul's is in ruins, and the enterprising traveler is sitting patiently on the Monument—I mean the broken arch of London Bridge—sketching. I only intend to convey that a fossil copy of it may, by chance, be dug up by the antiquarian; or that my little fly-leaf may be preserved in the otherwise amber periodical in which it now appears.

It is a Protest against a habit the givers of parties are given to of inviting into their houses more people than the houses will hold. And it may be remarked, that if it be necessary to the happiness of the hostess and the success of "At Homes" that the guests should be crushed almost to death, it would be an improvement if such pressing invitations were issued in winter only, and not, as now, chiefly in the hottest months of the year.

It is common at these receptions for the crowd to reach such dimensions that, the rooms becoming quite full, the company is squeezed gradually up the stairs till it disappears out of sight in the direction of the bedrooms, and toward the roof of the house; while in another direction it overflows out of the windows on to the balconies into outer darkness. More guests arrive every minute, and endeavor to make their way into the presence of the hostess; some struggle manfully, but never reach the rooms, and subside at last on the stairs; others succumb sooner, and live the rest of the night on the landing, a quiet, but an oppressive existence among colored lamps and flower-pots. The whole staircase at last becomes choked up with "society," closely packed, leaning against the balusters on one side and the wall on the other, resigned to their fate; while in the centre or middle passage, the horrors of which increase each moment, two streams of company are seen, one supposing it is going up, and the other under the impression that it is coming down; but this is a delusion, for neither has moved more than three quarters of an inch the last half-hour, and it becomes a melancholy subject for speculation whether, at this rate, the middle of next week or the latter portion is the soonest their respective destinations are likely to be reached.

In such circumstances a philosopher may, although a stout lady be standing upon each of his patent-leather feet, in agony, yet fixed—the edge of a gibus hat stuck in his eye, or an elegant gold pin of enormous size decorating a lovely head, but at the same time stabbing him in the ear—he may, I suggest, still, if he has any pluck, find amusement and instruction. He may find pleasure in the delightful good-humor of some, in the long-enduring, uncomplaining patience of others; and again, he may see one of the gentler sex, while grief is struggling in her face, gallantly preserving her company smile, and trying hard to look as if she really thought it pleasure she was undergoing; and he may see, and hear too, some of the sex that is not gentle seeking relief to their pent-up feelings by muttering words of a condemnatory nature. He may discover who is good-tempered, and who is not, as he contemplates that mob of well-dressed persons, whose trains, heads of hair, wreaths and bouquets, flounces and feelings, are more or less disheveled.

But observe the refreshment-room. From about midnight all the various currents set in in that direction—those in the drawing-rooms, the landing, the little boudoir off the drawing-room, the staircases, and the hall; all these, which are full, are to be emptied into the refreshment-room, which is already full. That is the intention; the consequences of the attempt to carry it out it is not easy to imagine or to describe.

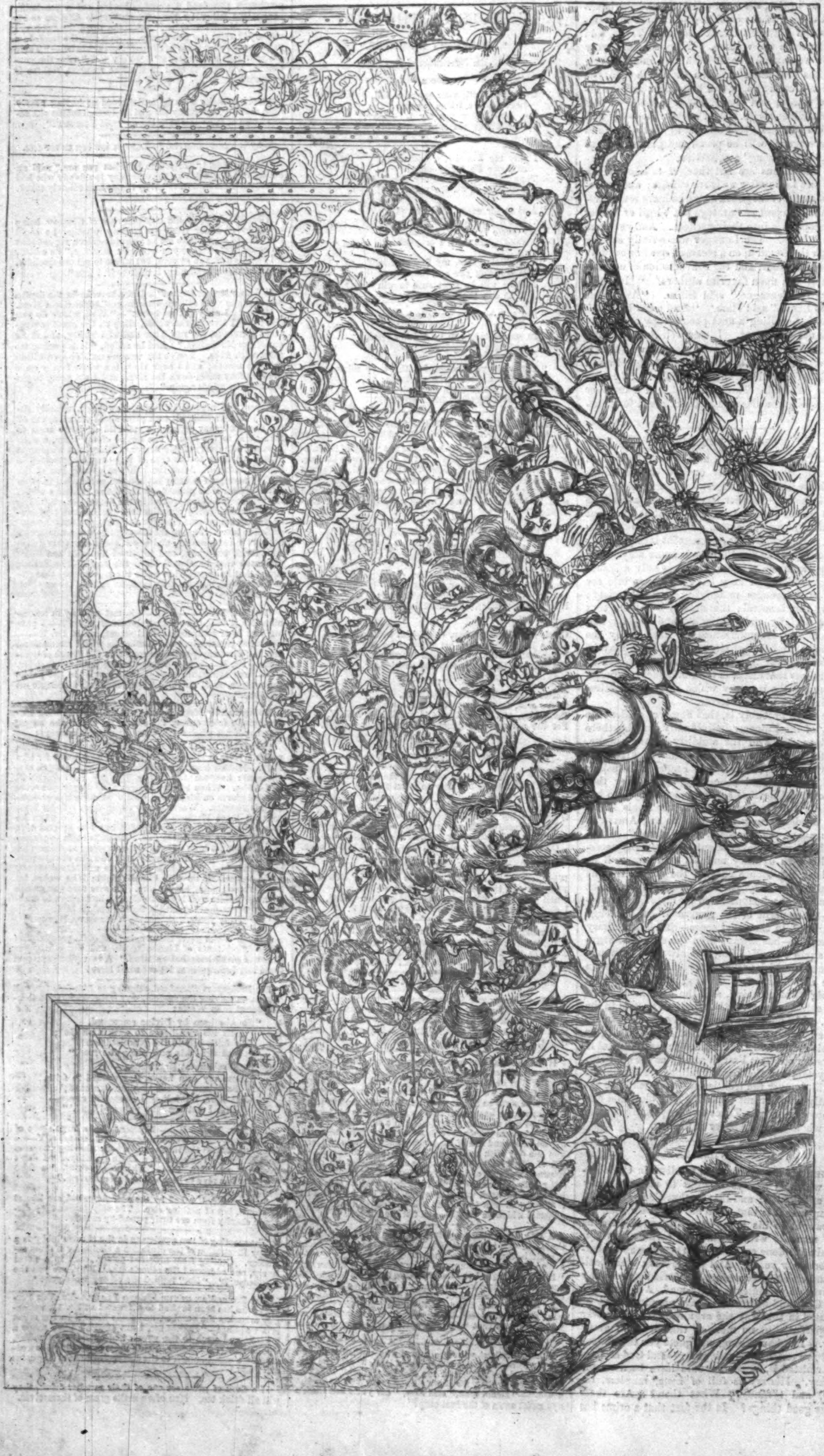
Suppose yourself slowly drifting toward the ices, you being, perhaps, short of stature but of a persevering nature—pledged, perhaps, to the Object of your Affections to get a strawberry cream, she being on the point of fainting—you yourself in an exhausted state, your progress stopped in front, and the horizon shut out from view by a big fat man. The consciousness that the parting of your back hair is being ruffled, that a dragoon's mustache of supernatural length is tickling your eye on one side, and that the man of all others in the world you most dislike has his elbow wedged into your side on the other, almost drives you to despair; and when, with a surprising effort, you are able to turn to escape these, it is only to find all your features violently imbedded in the prodigious wreath attached to a lady's head, and not *hers*. To be near the rose is considered an advantage, but when the roses are artificial that makes a difference. For my part, I think what I describe realizes the picture of an honest man struggling with adversity, formerly esteemed one of the noblest of sights.

After all, I suppose that, while there are Objects of the Affections, men will be found willing to go through dangers and difficulties to see them and to serve them; and who can doubt that in the fabulous period when the knight killed a dragon, or fought his way through the enchanted forest, an additional pleasure was imparted by those facts to the interview afterward with the princess, who was waiting the result on the tower-top?

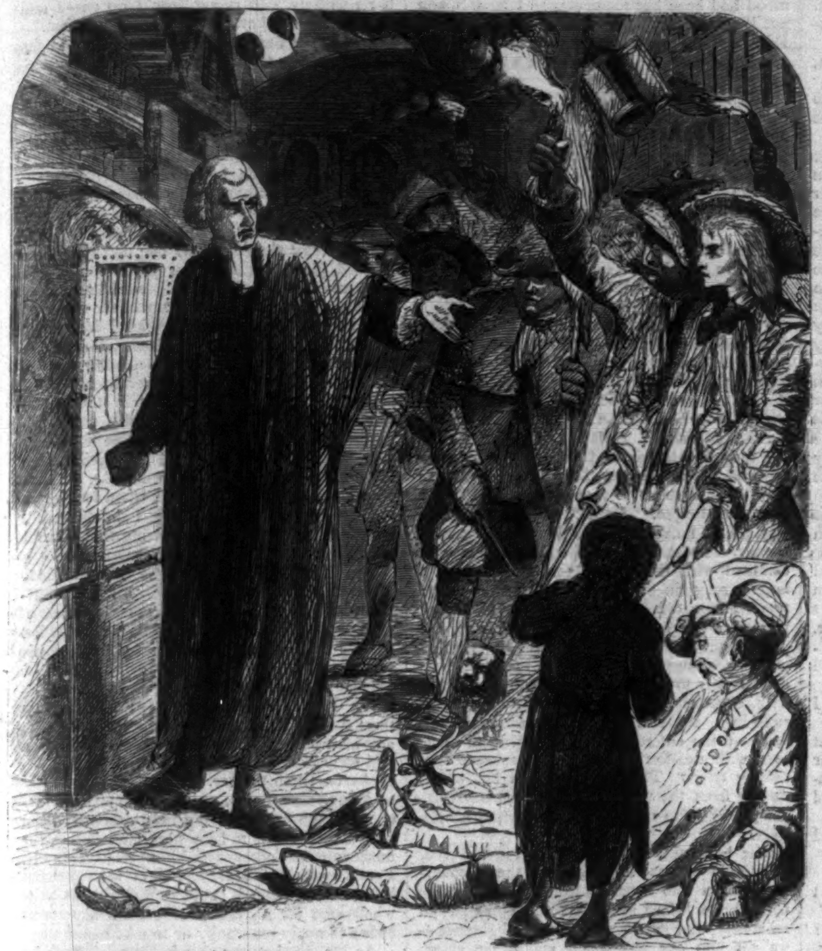
Suppose, then, that you have survived the supper-room, your next endeavor is to get into the apartment devoted to outer coats, etc.; and upon reaching which you fondly hope that your garment will be delivered up upon the production by you of a small ticket, having a number inscribed upon it. Vain delusion, and weak-minded man! The barricade of tables formed for the preservation of order and the outer garments, and behind which neatly-attired maidens had officiated in the early part of the night, has been stormed by "society," and complete anarchy prevails. Ladies' cloaks, beautiful burnooses, shawls, bags containing furs, strange hoods, are trampled under foot, with coats, Inverness wrappers, and hats, all mingled together, and flung about in the wildest disorder. "Numbers" are no use; the maids are fled, or out of their wits with perplexity; it is a wild hunt of ladies and gentlemen for their "things." Some find them, some don't; some take what comes, some go without taking any thing; some have even been known to imagine they had a chance of recovering their property by calling next day.

And to think that there were some people who "moved heaven and earth" to get invited to this party, while of those who were there the greater part seemed to think only of how they could get away soonest, and in safety.

The change into the fresh air is pleasant after an atmosphere of faded flowers, wax-lights, and scent. There is a whole army of servants about the door, the familiar shouting of the linkman greets the ear, a long stream of carriages—their lamps shining into the far distance—meets the eye, while above are the stars glittering in the cool, bright sky.



"AT HOME. SMALL AND EARLY." REFRESHMENTS



SWIFT AND THE MOHAWKS.

[In one of his letters to Stella, dated from Harley Street, Swift speaks with angry disgust of the nightly outrages then perpetrating in London by bands of dissolute revelers, who assumed the Indian name of Mohawks, to express their wildness and ferocity. From what we can gather about them, from stray passages in the *Spectator* and elsewhere, it would appear that the Mohawks were in the habit of slitting the noses of poor servant maids, and inclosing bewildered old citizens, on their way home from their tavern clubs, in prickly circles of sword points, besides breaking windows with showers of half-pence, ill-treating old watchmen, and pulling down shop signs, and doing other wanton and selfish mischief. In the following ballad I have confronted them with Swift.]

A BLACK sedan through Temple Bar
 Comes at the midnight chime,
Just as above the silvering roofs
 The moon begins to climb.
There is something stern about the place,
 And sad about the time.

That black arch rises like Death's door,
 For rebels' heads are there;
The moonshine, now a silver crown,
 Rests upon each in the air,
So bright that you can see their eyes
 Upon the clear stars stare.

A grim man sits in the sedan;
 It skirts St. Clement's tower
As high aloft an angel's voice
 Is meting out the hour;
And on the street the moonbeams broad
 Meridian brightness shower.

Fast down the Strand the Mohawks come,
 With clash of shivering glass;
With bristling swords and flaming links,
 That let no watchman pass;
A yellow gown upon a pole
 Leads on the drunken mass.

With hurrying cries of "Scour!" and "Scour!"
 The revelers rush on;
Red smoky whirls of drifting flame
 Light faces woe-begone—
Such faces only night can show,
 Day never on them shone.

"Down with the country parson's chair!"
 The drunken Mohawks shout;
"Unearth, old fox! no preaching now
 Will save your bacon—out!
Or we'll slit your nose, and float your chair
 Down stream—now, Sir, come out!"

The jostled chairmen's trembling hands
 Put down the black sedan;
Then out at once—wild beast from cage—
 Strides forth a black-browed man,
Who pushes back the line of swords,
 And faces all that clan.

Plain, homely, in a rusty gown—
 Some village priest, no more—
And yet a lion, and at bay,
 Had daunted them no more,
As, all unarmed, the stern man stood,
 Backward the foremost bore.

"Begone!" he cried, "you swaggering rogues,
 You fools and knaves by fits;
Who let bad wine creep up and steal
 Your poor besotted wits;
E'en now for you the hangman works,
 And chain to collar knits!

"Back to your garrets and your dens,
 Your greasy dice and cards;
Back, lazy prentices and thieves,
 Back to your Bridewell wards!
Go to the hospitals, and pine
 With Blood Bowl Alley's hordes.

"For ye the madhouse cries and gapes,
 For ye the gibbet creaks;
Go, join the highwayman, and kill
 The miser when he squeaks;
Or cower around the glass-house when
 The pent-house shelter leaks.

"You brood of apes, and dogs, and swine,
 Back to your kennels—go—"
(Each bitter word that grim man spoke
 Fell like a bruising blow)
"—Spawn of the serpent, to your holes,
 HE calls you from below!"

Those wine-flushed faces pale to see
 The sternness of that face;
The banners droop, the tankards sink,
 The cowering links give place;
The stuttering mouths, the vacant eyes
 Look sober for a space.

The wildest shrinks before that gaze,
 Nor dares to brave that eye;
Then, one by one, like snow in thaw,
 Melts all that company;
The swords are sheathed, the lights go out,
 Hushed is their tipsy glee.

"To Harley Street!" Swift cries, and pass'd,
 Humming a biting rhyme;
The moon, just now eclipsed, had ceased
 To soar, and soaring climb.
There was something stern about the man,
 And sad about the time.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONE day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the mere outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divined whose hand it was. It had no set beginning, as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear Anything, but ran thus:

"I am to come to London the day after to-morrow by the mid-day coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? at all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regards. Yours, ESTELLA."

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I was fain to be content with those I had. My appetite vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest until the day arrived. Not that its arrival brought me either; for then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in Wood Street, Cheapside, before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. For all that I knew this perfectly well, I still felt as if it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time; and in this condition of unreason I had performed the first half-hour of a watch of four or five hours, when Mr. Wemmick ran against me.

"Halloa, Mr. Pip," said he; "how do you do? I should hardly have thought this was *your* beat."

I explained that I was waiting to meet somebody who was coming up by coach, and I inquired after the Castle and the Aged.

"Both flourishing, thank ye," said Wemmick, "and particularly the Aged. He's in wonderful feather. He'll be eighty-two next birthday. I have a notion of firing eighty-two times, if the neighborhood shouldn't complain, and that cannon of mine should prove equal to the pressure. However, this is not London talk. Where do you think I am going to?"

"To the office?" said I, for he was tending in that direction.

"Next thing to it," returned Wemmick, "I am going to Newgate. We are in a banker's-parcel case just at present, and I have been down the road taking a squint at the scene of action, and thereupon must have a word or two with our client."

"Did your client commit the robbery?" I asked.

"Bless your soul and body, no," answered Wemmick, very dryly. "But he is accused of it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know."

"Only neither of us is," I remarked.

"Yah!" said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his fore-finger; "you're a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?"

I had so much time to spare that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its unreconcilability with my latent desire to keep my eye on the coach-office. Muttering that I would make the inquiry whether I had time to walk with him, I went into the office, and ascertained from the clerk, with the nicest precision and much to the trying of his temper, the earliest moment at which the coach could be expected—which I knew beforehand quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and affecting to consult my watch and to be surprised by the information I had received, accepted his offer.

We were at Newgate in a few minutes, and we passed through the lodge where some fetters were hanging up on the bare walls among the prison rules, into the interior of the jail. At that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing—and which is always its heaviest and longest punishment—was still far off. So felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavor of their soup. It was visiting time when Wemmick took me in; and a potman was going his rounds with beer; and the prisoners behind bars in yards were buying beer and talking to friends; and a frouzy, ugly, disorderly depressing scene it was.

It struck me that Wemmick walked among the prisoners much as a gardener might walk among his plants. This was first put into my head by his seeing a shoot that had come up in the night, and saying, "What, Captain Tom? Are *you* there? Ah, indeed!" and also, "Is that Black Bill behind the cistern? Why, I didn't look for you these two months; how do you find yourself?" Equally in his stopping at the bars and attending to anxious whisperers—always singly—Wemmick with his post-office in an immovable state, looked at them while in conference, as if he were taking particular notice of the advance they had made, since last observed, toward coming out in full blow at their trial.

He was highly popular, and I found that he took the familiar department of Mr. Jaggers's business: though something of the state of Mr. Jaggers hung about him too, forbidding approach beyond certain limits. His personal recognition of each successive client was comprised in a nod, and in his settling his hat a little easier on his head with both hands, and then tightening the post-office, and putting his hands in his pockets. In one or two instances there was a difficulty respecting the raising of fees, and then Mr. Wemmick, backing as far as possible from the insufficient money produced, said, "It's no use, my boy. I'm only a subordinate. I can't take it. Don't go on in that way with a subordinate. If you are unable to make up your quantum, my boy, you had better address yourself to a principal; there are plenty of principals in the profession, you know, and what is not worth the while of one may be worth the while of another—that's my recommendation to you, speaking as a subordinate. Don't try on useless measures. Why should you! Now, who's next?"

Thus we walked through Wemmick's greenhouse until he turned to me and said, "Notice the man I shall shake hands with." I should have done so, without the preparation, as he had shaken hands with no one yet.

Almost as soon as he had spoken, a portly upright man (whom I can see now, as I write) in a well-worn olive-colored frock-coat, with a peculiar pallor overspreading the red in his complexion, and eyes that went wandering about when he tried to fix them, came up to a corner of the bars, and put his hand to his hat—which had a greasy and fatty surface like cold broth—with a half-serious and half-jocose military salute.

"Colonel, to you!" said Wemmick; "how are you, Colonel?"

"All right, Mr. Wemmick."

"Every thing was done that could be done, but the evidence was too strong for us, Colonel."

"Yes, it was too strong, Sir—but *I* don't care."

"No, no," said Wemmick, coolly, "*you* don't care." Then, turning to me, "Served His Majesty this man. Was a soldier in the line and bought his discharge."

I said, "Indeed?" and the man's eyes looked at me, and then looked over my head, and then looked all round me, and then he drew his hand across his lips and laughed.

"I think I shall be off on Monday, Sir," he said to Wemmick.

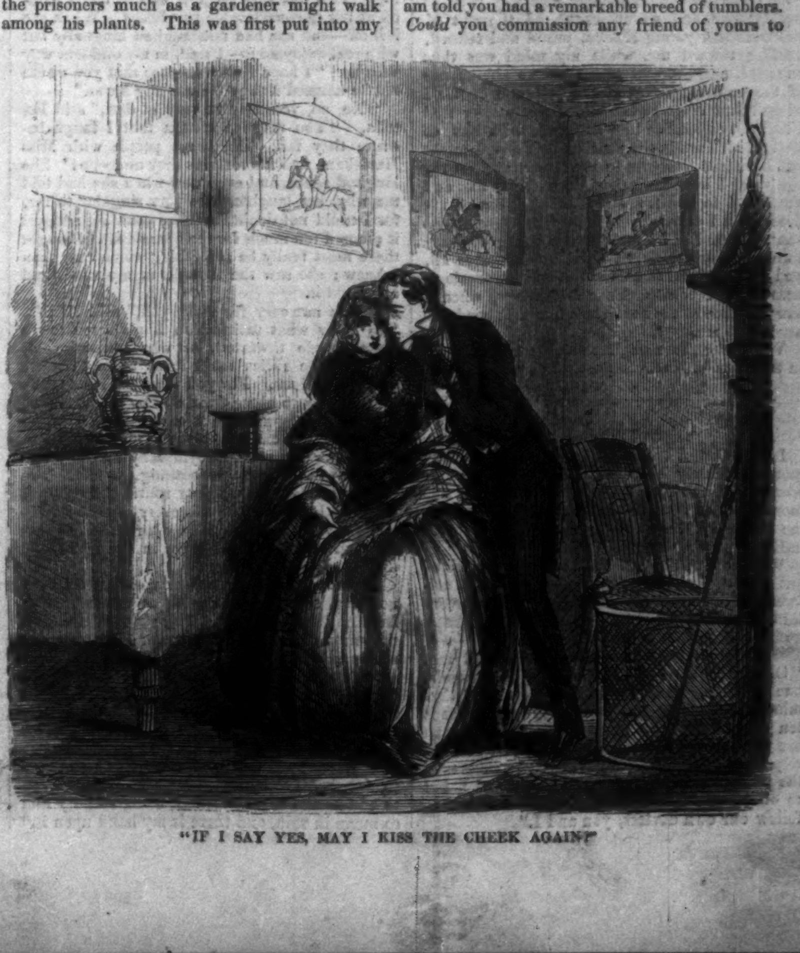
"Perhaps," returned my friend, "but there's no knowing."

"I am glad to have the chance of bidding you good-by, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, stretching out his hand between two bars.

"Thank ye," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him. "Same to you, Colonel."

"If what I had upon me when taken had been real, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, unwilling to let his hand go, "I should have asked the favor of your wearing another ring—in acknowledgment of your attention."

"I'll accept the will for the deed," said Wemmick. "By-the-by, you were quite a pigeon-fancier." The man looked up at the sky. "I am told you had a remarkable breed of tumblers. *Could* you commission any friend of yours to



"IF I SAY YES, MAY I KISS THE CHEEK AGAIN?"

bring me a pair, if you've no further use for 'em?"

"It shall be done, Sir."

"All right," said Wemmick, "they shall be taken care of. Good-afternoon, Colonel. Good-by!" They shook hands again, and as we walked away Wemmick said to me, "A Coiner, a very good workman. The Recorder's report is made to-day, and he is sure to be hanged on Monday. Still you see, as far as it goes, a pair of pigeons are portable property, all the same." With that he looked back, and nodded at this dead plant, and then cast his eyes about him in walking out of the yard, as if he were considering what other pot would go best in its place.

As we came out of the prison through the lodge, I found that the great importance of my guardian was appreciated by the turnkeys, no less than by those whom they held in charge. "Well, Mr. Wemmick," said the turnkey, who kept us between the two studded and spiked lodge gates, and carefully locked one before he unlocked the other, "what's Mr. Jaggers going to do with that waterside murder? Is he going to make it manslaughter, or what's he going to make of it?"

"Why don't you ask him?" returned Wemmick.

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the turnkey.

"Now, that's the way with them here, Mr. Pip," remarked Wemmick, turning to me with the post-office elongated. "They don't mind what they ask of me, the subordinate; but you'll never catch 'em asking any questions of my principal."

"Is this young gentleman one of the 'prentices or articled ones of your office?" asked the turnkey, with a grin at Mr. Wemmick's humor.

"There he goes again, you see!" cried Wemmick, "I told you so! Asks another question of the subordinate before his first is dry! Well, supposing Mr. Pip is one of them?"

"Why then," said the turnkey, grinning again, "he knows what Mr. Jaggers is."

"Yah!" cried Wemmick, suddenly hitting out at the turnkey in a facetious way, "you're as dumb as one of your own keys when you have to do with my principal—you know you are. Let us out, you old fox, or I'll get him to bring an action of false imprisonment against you."

The turnkey laughed, and gave us good-day, and stood laughing at us over the spikes of the wicket when we descended the steps into the street.

"Mind you, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, gravely, in my ear, as he took my arm to be more confidential; "I don't know that Mr. Jaggers does a better thing than the way in which he keeps himself so high. He's always so high. His constant height is of a piece with his immense abilities. That Colonel durst no more take leave of *him*, than that turnkey durst ask him his intentions respecting a case. Then between his height and them he slips in his subordinate—don't you see?—and so he has 'em, soul and body."

I was very much impressed, and not for the first time, by my guardian's subtlety. To confess the truth, I very heartily wished, and not for the first time, that I had had some other guardian of minor abilities.

Mr. Wemmick and I parted at the office in Little Britain, where suppliants for Mr. Jaggers's notice were lingering about as usual, and I returned to my watch in the street of the coach-office, with some three hours on hand. I consumed the whole time in thinking how strange it was that I should be encompassed by all this taint of prison and crime; that in my childhood out on our lonely marshes on a winter evening I should have first encountered it; that it should have reappeared on two occasions, starting out like a stain that was faded but not gone; that it should in this new way pervade my fortune and advancement. I thought of the beautiful young Estella, proud and refined, coming toward me, while my mind was thus engaged, and thought with absolute abhorrence of the contrast between the jail and her. I wished that Wemmick had not met me, or that I had not yielded to him and gone with him, so that, of all days in the year on this day, I might not have had Newgate in my breath and on my clothes. I beat the prison dust off my feet as I sauntered to and fro, and I shook it out of my dress, and I exhaled its air from my lungs. So contaminated did I feel, remembering who was coming, that the coach came quickly after all, and I was not yet free from the soiling consciousness of Mr. Wemmick's conservatory, when I saw her face at the coach window and her hand waving to me.

What *was* the nameless shadow which again in that one instant had passed?

CHAPTER XXXII.

In her furred traveling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. Her manner was more winning than she had cared to let it be to me before, and I thought I saw Miss Havisham's influence in the change.

We stood in the Inn Yard while she pointed out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected I remembered—having forgotten every thing but herself in the mean while—that I knew nothing of her destination.

"I am going to Richmond," she told me. "Our lesson is, that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. I am to have [illegible] you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse! We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I."

As she looked at me in giving me the purse, I hoped there was an inner meaning in her words. She said them slightingly, but not with displeasure.

"A carriage will have to be sent for, Estella. Will you rest here a little?"

"Yes, I am to rest here a little, and I am to drink some tea, and you are to take care of me the while."

She drew her arm through mine, as if it must be done, and I requested a waiter who had been staring at the coach like a man who had never seen such a thing in his life, to show us a private sitting-room. Upon that he pulled out a napkin, as if it were a magic clew without which he couldn't find the way up stairs, and led us to the black hole of the establishment; fitted up with a diminishing mirror (quite a superfluous article considering the hole's proportions), an anchovy sauce-cruet, and somebody's pattens. On my objecting to this retreat, he took us into another room with a dinner-table for thirty, and in the grate a scorched leaf of a copy-book under a bushel of coal-dust. Having looked at this extinct conflagration and shaken his head, he took my order: which, proving to be merely "Some tea for the lady," sent him out of the room in a very low state of mind.

I was, and I am, sensible that the air of this chamber, in its strong combination of stable with soup-stock, might have led one to infer that the coaching department was not doing well, and that the enterprising proprietor was boiling down the horses for the refreshment department. Yet the room was all in all to me, Estella being in it. I thought that with her I could have been happy there for life. (I was not at all happy there at the time, observe, and I knew it well.)

"Where are you going to, at Richmond?" I asked Estella.

"I am going to live," said she, "at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power—or says she has—of taking me about and introducing me, and showing people to me and showing me to people."

"I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

She answered so carelessly that I said, "You speak of yourself as if you were some one else."

"Where did you learn how I speak of others? Come, come," said Estella, smiling delightfully, "you must not expect me to go to school to *you*; I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?"

"I live quite pleasantly there; at least—" It appeared to me that I was losing a chance.

"At least?" repeated Estella.

"As pleasantly as I could any where, away from you."

"You silly boy," said Estella, quite composedly, "how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?"

"Very superior indeed. He is nobody's enemy—"

"Don't add 'but his own,'" interposed Estella, "for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?"

"I am sure I have every reason to say so."

"You have not every reason to say so of the rest of his people," said Estella, nodding at me with an expression of face that was at once grave and rallying, "for they beset Miss Havisham with reports and insinuations to your disadvantage. They watch you, misrepresent you, write letters about you (anonymous sometimes), and you are the torment and the occupation of their lives. You can scarcely realize to yourself the hatred those people feel for you."

"They do me no harm, I hope?" said I.

Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. This was very singular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off—and she had not laughed languidly but with real enjoyment—I said, in my diffident way with her, "I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm."

"No, no, you may be sure of that," said Estella. "You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and the tortures they undergo!" She laughed again, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was very singular to me, for I could not doubt its being genuine, and yet it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; she saw the thought in my mind, and answered it.

"It is not easy for even you," said Estella, "to know what satisfaction it gives me to see those people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby. I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenseless, under the mask of sympathy and pity and what not that is soft and soothing.—I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that impostor of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind when she wakes up in the night.—I did."

It was no laughing matter with Estella now, nor was she summoning these remembrances from any shallow place. I would not have been the cause of that look of hers for all my expectations in a heap.

"Two things I can tell you," said Estella. "First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may [illegible] rest that these people never will—never would, in a hundred years—impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, great or small. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my hand upon it."

As she gave it me playfully—for her darker mood had been but momentary—I held it and put it to my lips. "You ridiculous boy," said Estella, "will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?"

"What was it?" said I.

"I must think a moment. A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters."

"If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?"

"You should have asked before you touched the hand. But, yes, if you like."

I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's. "Now," said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, "you are to take care that I have some tea, and you are to take me to Richmond."

Her reverting to this tone as if our association were forced upon us and we were mere puppets, gave me pain; but every thing in our intercourse did give me pain. Whatever her tone with me happened to be, I could put no trust in it, and build no hope on it; and yet I went on against trust and against hope. Why repeat it a thousand times? So it always was.

I rang for the tea, and the waiter, reappearing with his magic clew, brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts to that refreshment, but of tea not a glimpse. A tea-board, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks (including carvers), spoons (various), salt-cellars, a meek little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a large strong tin cover, Moses in the bulrushes typified by a soft bit of butter in a quantity of parsley, a pale loaf, with a powdered head, two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fireplace on triangular bits of bread, and ultimately a fat family urn, which the waiter staggered in with, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering. After a prolonged absence at this stage of the entertainment, he at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs. These I steeped in hot water, and so from the whole of these appliances extracted one cup of I don't know what, for Estella.

The bill paid, and the waiter remembered, and the hostler not forgotten, and the chambermaid taken into consideration—in a word, the whole house bribed into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened—we got into our post-coach and drove away. Turning into Cheapside and rattling up Newgate Street, we were soon under the walls of which I was so ashamed.

"What place is that?" Estella asked me.

I made a foolish pretense of not at first recognizing it, and then told her. As she looked at it, and drew in her head again, murmuring "Wretches!" I would not have confessed to my visit for any consideration.

"Mr. Jaggers," said I, by way of putting it neatly on somebody else, "has the reputation of being more in the secrets of that dismal place than any man in London."

"He is more in the secrets of every place I think," said Estella, in a low voice.

"You have been accustomed to see him often, I suppose?"

"I have been accustomed to see him at uncertain intervals ever since I can remember. But I know him no better now than I did before I could speak plainly. What is your own experience of him? Do you advance with him?"

"Once habituated to his distrustful manner," said I, "I have done very well."

"Are you intimate?"

"I have dined with him at his private house."

"I fancy," said Estella, shrinking, "that must be a curious place."

"It is a curious place."

I should have been chary of discussing my guardian too freely even with her; but I should have gone on with the subject so far as to describe the dinner in Gerard Street, if we had not then come into a sudden glare of gas. It seemed, while it lasted, to be all alight and alive with that inexplicable feeling I had had before; and when we were out of it, I was as much dazed for a few moments as if I had been in lightning.

So we fell into other talk, and it was principally about the way by which we were traveling, and about what parts of London lay on this side of it, and what on that. The great city was almost new to her, she told me, for she had never left Miss Havisham's neighborhood until she had gone to France, and she had merely passed through London then in going and returning. I asked her if my guardian had any charge of her while she remained here? To that she emphatically said, "God forbid!" and no more.

It was impossible for me to avoid seeing that she cared to attract me; that she made herself winning; and would have won me even if the task had needed pains. Yet this made me none the happier, for, even if she had not taken that tone of our being disposed of by others, I should have felt that she held my heart in her hand because she willfully chose to do it, and not because it would have wrung any tenderness in her to crush it and throw it away.

When we passed through Hammersmith I showed her where Mr. Matthew Pocket lived, and said it was no great way from Richmond, and that I hoped I should see her sometimes.

"Oh yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper; you are to be mentioned to the family; indeed you are already mentioned."

I inquired was it a large household she was going to be a member of?

"No; there are only two—mother and daughter. The mother is a lady of some station, I believe, though not averse to increasing her income."

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon."

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly, and report how I go on—I and the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now."

It was the first time she had ever called me by my name. Of course she did so purposely, and knew that I should treasure it up.

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our destination there was a house by the Green—a staid old house, where hoops and powder and patches, embroidered coats, rolled stockings, ruffles, and swords had had their court-days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts they had cast their shadows on; but their own allotted places in the great procession of the dead were not far off, and they would soon drop into them and go the silent way of the rest.

A bell with an old voice—which I dare say in its time had often said to the house, Here is the green farthingale, Here is the diamond-hilted sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and the blue solitaire—sounded gravely in the moonlight, and two cherry-colored maids came fluttering out to receive Estella. The door-way soon absorbed her boxes, and she gave me her hand and a smile, and said good-night, and was absorbed likewise. And still I stood looking at the house, thinking how happy I should be if I lived there with her, and knowing that I never was happy with her, but always miserable.

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heartache, and I got out with a worse heartache. At our own door I found little Jane Pocket coming home from a party escorted by her little lover; and I envied her little lover, in spite of his being subject to Flopson.

Mr. Pocket was out lecturing; for he was a most delightful lecturer on domestic economy, and his treatises on the management of children and servants were considered the very best textbooks on those themes. But Mrs. Pocket was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on account of the baby's having been accommodated with a needle-case to keep him quiet during the unaccountable absence (with a relative in the Foot Guards) of Millers, and of more needles being missing than it could be regarded as quite wholesome for a patient of such tender years either to apply externally or to take as a tonic.

As Mr. Pocket was also justly celebrated for giving most excellent practical advice, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicious mind, I had some notion in my heartache of begging him to accept my confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs. Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought, Well—No, I wouldn't.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

1665.

Just to begin,—and end! so much,—no more!
To touch upon the very point at last
Where life should cling: to feel the solid shore
Safe; where, the seething sea's strong toil o'erpast,
Peace seem'd appointed; then, with all the store
Half-undivulged of the glean'd ocean cast,
Like a discouraged wave's on the bleak strand,
Where what appear'd some temple (whose glad Priest
To gather ocean's sparkling gift should stand,
Bidding the wearied wave, from toil release,
Sleep in the marble harbors bathed with bland
And quiet sunshine, flowing from full east
Among the laurels) proves the dull blind rock's
Fantastic front,—to die, a disallow'd,
Dasht purpose: which the scornful shore-cliff mocks,
Even as it sinks: and all its wealth bestow'd
In vain,—mere food to feed, perchance, stray flocks
Of the coarse sea-gull! weaving its own shroud
Of idle foam, swift ceasing to be seen!
—— Sad, sad, my father! . . . yet it comes to this,
For I am dying. All that might have been—
That must have been! . . . the days, so hard to miss,
So sure to come! . . . eyes, lips, that seem'd to lean
In on me at my work, and almost kiss
The curls bow'd o'er it, . . . lost! Oh, never doubt
I should have lived to know them all again,
And from the crowd of praisers single out
For special love those forms beheld so plain
Beforehand. When my pictures, borne about
Bologna, to the church doors, led their train
Of kindling faces, turn'd, as by they go,
Up to these windows,—standing at your side
Unseen, to see them, I (be sure!) should know
And welcome back those eyes and lips, descried
Long since in fancy: for I loved them so,
And so believed them! Think! . . . Bologna's pride
My paintings! . . . Guido Reni's mantle mine . . .
And I, the maiden artist, prized among
The masters, . . . ah, that dream was too divine
For earth to realize! I die so young,
All this escapes me! God, the gift be Thine,
Not man's, then . . . better so! That throbbing throng
Of human faces fades out fast. Even yours,
Belovèd ones, the inexorable Fate
(For all our vow'd affections!) scarce endures
About me. Must I go, then, desolate
Out from among you? Nay, my work insures
Fit guerdon somewhere—tho' the gift must wait!
Had I lived longer, life would sure have set
Earth's gift of fame in safety. But I die.
Death must make safe the heavenly guerdon yet.
I trusted time for immortality—
There was my error! Father, never let
Doubt of reward confuse my memory!
Besides, I have done much: and what is done
Is well done. All my heart conceived, my hand
Made fast . . . mild martyr, saint, and weeping nun
And truncheon'd prince, and warrior with bold brand,
Yet keep my life upon them;—as the sun,
Tho' fallen below the limits of the land,
Still sees on every form of purple cloud
His painted presence.

Flaring August's here,
September's coming! Summer's broider'd shroud
Is borne away in triumph by the year:
Red Autumn drops, from all his branches bow'd,
His careless wealth upon the costly bier.
We must be cheerful. Set the casement wide.
One last look o'er the places I have loved,
One last long look? . . . . Bologna, O my pride
Among thy palaced streets! The days have moved
Pleasantly o'er us. What has been denied
To our endeavor? Life goes unreproved.
To make the best of all things, is the best
Of all means to be happy. This I know,
But can not phrase it finely. The night's rest
The day's toil sweetens. Flowers are warm'd by snow.
All's well God wills. Work out this grief. Joy's zest
Itself is salted with a touch of woe.
There's nothing comes to us may not be borne,
Except a too great happiness. But this

Comes rarely. Tho' I know that you will mourn
The little maiden helpmate you must miss,
Thanks be to God, I leave you not forlorn.
There should be comfort in this dying kiss.
Let Barbara keep my colors for herself.
I'm sorry that Lucia went away
In some unkindness. 'Twas a cheerful elf!
Send her my scarlet ribbons, mother; say
I thought of her. My pallet's on the shelf,
Surprised, no doubt, at such long holiday.
In the south window, on the easel, stands
My picture for the Empress Eleanore,
Still wanting some few touches, these weak hands
Must leave to others. Yet there's time before
The year ends. And the Empress's own commands
You'll find in writing. Barbara's brush is more
Like mine than Anna's; let her finish it.
Oh, . . . and there's 'Maso our poor fisherman!
You'll find my work done for him: something fit
To hang among his nets: you liked the plan
My fancy took to please our friend's dull wit,
Scarce brighter than his old tin fishing can. . .
St. Margaret, stately as a ship full sail,
Leading a dragon by an azure band;
The ribbon flutters gayly in the gale:
The monster follows the Saint's guiding hand,
Wrinkled to one grim smile from head to tail:
For in his horny hide his heart grows bland.
—— Where are you, dear ones? . . .

'Tis the dull, faint chill,
Which soon will shrivel into burning pain!
Dear brother, sisters, father, mother—still
Stand near me! While your faces fixt remain
Within my sense, vague fears of unknown ill
Are softly crowded out, . . . and yet, 'tis vain!
Greet Giulio Banzi; greet Antonio; greet
Bartolomeo, kindly. When I'm gone,
And in the school-room, as of old, you meet,
—Ah, yes! you'll miss a certain merry tone,
A cheerful face, a smile that should complete
The vague place in the household picture grown
To an aspect so familiar, it seems strange
That aught should alter there. Mere life, at least,
Could not have brought the shadow of a change
Across it. Safely the warm years increast
Among us. I have never sought to range
From our small table at earth's general feast,
To higher places: never loved but you,
Dear family of friends, except my art:
Nor any form save these my pencil drew
E'er quiver'd in the quiet of my heart.
I die a maiden to Madonna true,
And would have so continued. . . . There, the smart,
The pang, the faintness! . . .

Ever, as I lie
Here, with the autumn sunset on my face,
And heavy in my curls (while it, and I,
Together, slipping softly from the place
We play'd in, pensively prepare to die),
A low warm humming simmers in my ears,
—Old summer afternoons! faint fragments rise
Out of my broken life . . . at times appears
Madonna-like a moon in mellow skies:
The three Fates with the spindle and the shears:
The Grand Duke Cosmo with the Destinies:
St. Margaret with her dragon: fitful cheers
Along the Via Urbana come and go:
Bologna with her towers! . . . Then all grows dim,
And shapes itself anew, softly and slow,
To cloister'd glooms thro' which the silver hymn
Eludes the sensitive silence; while below
The southwest window, just one single, slim,
And sleepy sunbeam, powders with waved gold
A lane of gleamy mist along the gloom,
Whereby to find its way, thro' manifold
Magnificence, to Guido Reni's tomb,
Which set in steadfast splendor, I behold.
And all the while, I scent the incense fume,
Till dizzy grows the brain, and dark the eye
Beneath the eyelid. When the end is come,
There, by his tomb (our master's) let me lie,
Somewhere, not too far off; beneath the dome
Of our own Lady of the Rosary:
Safe, where old friends will pass; and still near home!

OWEN MEREDITH.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTIONS DURING THE WEEK.

THE election for State officers and members of Congress in Rhode Island took place on 3d, and resulted in the complete overthrow of the Republicans. The Opposition gain two members of Congress.

We are yet without full returns from Connecticut, but the Republican majority for Governor will not probably fall short of 1800. Last year it was 541, a gain of over 1100.

At the city election in Cincinnati, on 3d, the Unionists are reported to have carried their ticket by 2000 majority.

The Brooklyn charter election, on 1st, resulted in the success of Martin Kalbfleisch, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, by a majority of 5037, or 1002 less than the Democratic majority at the last spring election. The vote of the city for President, last fall, was: Lincoln, 15,187; Fusion, 19,505, giving a Fusion majority of 4368. The Democracy have an apparent gain in their majority upon last fall of 669.

At the municipal election in Richmond, Virginia, on 3d, the Union candidate for Mayor was defeated by about 1000 majority.

The city of Portland, on 2d, elected William W. Thomas Mayor by 175 majority over his Democratic competitor. Last year the Democrats carried Portland by 31 majority. The City Council is also largely Republican.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SCOTT.

Some noise having been made in Virginia about the delivery of guns from the Bellona Arsenal to the Government, General Scott writes as follows:

"WASHINGTON, *March* 27, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—On inquiry here, at the Ordnance Department, I learn that the guns at the Bellona Arsenal, about which you write, are by contract to be delivered at Rocketts, on board (I believe) of some vessel, to avoid the double expense of landing and reshipping before being paid for. If seized before this period, the loss would fall wholly on the foundery. The guns are only sent to Fort Monroe as a safe place of deposit—being as little wanted there for the defense of that work as for the defense of Richmond. This subject was yesterday before the Secretary of War, on an inquiry from some quarter unknown to me, and I have not time to learn the character of the reply. The only urgency in the case results from the founders' want of the contract money.

"I write as a mere outsider in respect to such matters, for my position happily exempts me from the handling of money—from all contracts and disbursements.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"WINFIELD SCOTT."

THE NEW CONFEDERATE LOAN.

According to the Montgomery correspondence of the Charleston *Mercury*, the moneyed men, both North and South, are so eager to take the Confederate Loan that they can not wait for the opening of bids:

"When the announcement was first made that Congress had authorized a loan, and before proposals were solicited, a Mississippian placed $5000 in the hands of his bankers, made subject to the draft of the Treasurer of the Confederacy. This gentleman was not alone in his patriotic tender of money at the time it was supposed the Government was in need of it, for similar offers came from other States. I learn to-day that one man has offered $200,000, and another $80,000, to Mr. Memminger, for which sum no interest is required. It is well known here that offers of money have been received from New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and other cities in the United States and in the Confederate States, to an amount that would cover the entire authorized loan. Mr. Memminger has concluded—and very wisely too—that the citizens of the Confederate States are entitled to the preference in this investment, and the bonds will be scattered among them as equally as possible."

AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.

Lieutenant Gilman, one of the officers at Fort Pickens, arrived at Washington on 3d from Pensacola, having left there on the 31st of March. He states that no reinforcements had been landed from the *Brooklyn* or any other vessel, but that she had gone to Key West for supplies. He states that the Confederate troops were arriving there in large numbers, and in a few days they would have five thousand, well provisioned. He says it is impossible for the Government to land troops at Fort Pickens without the Confederate authorities knowing it, and whenever they attempt it hostilities will at once commence. He says he met large numbers of troops on the route for Pensacola; that General Bragg will not wait the action of the Washington Government much longer before they commence operations. He says the impression there was that Fort Pickens was to be abandoned. Such assurances were given out there.

A LETTER FROM THE "SABINE."

The *Times* publishes a letter written on board the frigate *Sabine*, stationed off Pensacola, which gives an insight into the condition of affairs at that point, both on ship and shore, on the 25th of March. At that time the vessels on that station were short of provisions, and the men on account of the apparent neglect of the authorities at Washington, were somewhat disheartened; but since then the supplies which have been dispatched from this port have doubtless reached their destination. The letter says nothing relative to the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, except to exhibit the difficulty of such an enterprise.

ANOTHER VESSEL FIRED INTO.

Important intelligence reaches us from Charleston. The soldiers on Morris Island, unable probably to restrain longer their martial ardor, and burning once more to signalize their bravery, on Wednesday evening, during the prevalence of a severe gale, fired into a schooner which was attempting to enter the harbor. The schooner being struck by a shot, which went through her, immediately turned and went to sea again in the midst of the gale. It was subsequently ascertained that she was from New Jersey, loaded with ice. The excuse for firing into her was that she carried no colors—which it is quite likely she had not on board. Major Anderson immediately dispatched a messenger to Governor Pickens for an explanation, but the result of the interview is not known. Thursday morning, however, Lieutenants Snyder and Talbot came off from Fort Sumter and had another interview with the Governor; and in the evening Lieutenant Talbot left with dispatches for Washington, while Lieutenant Snyder returned to the fort. Whether the schooner which was fired into subsequently entered the harbor is not stated. Reports prevailed, both in Charleston and Washington, that supplies and mail communication had been cut off from Fort Sumter, by order of Jefferson Davis.

THE GARRISON AT FORT MORGAN.

The Mobile *Tribune* of the 27th has the following: "The garrison at Fort Morgan, we understand, is to be raised to a thousand men. At present we suppose there are at least seven or eight hundred already there, and we learn that they are rapidly being instructed in all the garrison duties. They will leave that place good soldiers, unless 'Old Abe' should put them through what is vulgarly termed 'a course of sprouts.' That he does not intend to do; and, if he did, he would find it a very difficult feat."

RUMORED MEXICAN FORAY UPON TEXAS.

We have important news from the Rio Grande. General Ampudia, with three thousand Mexicans, was at last accounts within sixty miles of Brownsville. The Texans report that his object was to plunder Brownsville and Matamoros, and pillage generally. It is also reported that Ampudia has aroused the Mexicans with the design of reannexing Texas to Mexico. He announces that as the Federal Government no longer supports Texas, now is the time to retake her. The Texans were preparing to repel the invaders.

HOW ARKANSAS STANDS.

A letter dated Little Rock, March 22, says: "Our Convention has adjourned, and we are *still in the Union*. We laid down what we consider our grievances—a plan for adjustment—joined Virginia in her call for a Convention at Frankfort on the 27th day of May next, and elected five delegates to represent us in that Convention. And on the first Monday in August next, we take the vote of the people for 'co-operation' or 'secession,' and that vote will determine our action. We had all odds to contend against. Every influence was brought to bear upon us. Disappointed politicians and aspiring ones crowded the Convention to sway its action, but to no purpose. I think we have done well."

A NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE REGULATION.

To guard against the taking of foreign merchandise out of bond for the purposes of transportation to States which do not acknowledge the authority of the Federal Government, thus defrauding the Government of its proper revenues, the Secretary of the Treasury has issued the following order to the Collectors of Customs at the various Atlantic ports. The practice of withdrawing goods from bond in order to introduce them into Southern ports under their "more favorable" tariff dues, or without the inconvenience of paying duties at all, was getting to be quite too common to be longer tolerated. The following is a copy of the order:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, *March* 30, 1861.

"The control of the warehouses of the Government in the several ports in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas having been usurped under the alleged authority of those States, and the officers of the warehouses acting under the authority of the United States having been forcibly excluded from their proper functions in the custody of merchandise, and superintendence of the entries for warehousing and withdrawal, it has become impracticable to continue the privilege of bonding for transportation to those ports.

"Collectors of the Customs are accordingly hereby instructed that no entries for transportation in bond to those ports can be permitted until otherwise directed by the Department. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"S. P. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury.

"A. SCHELL, Esq., Collector of the Customs, New York."

ACTIVITY IN OUR NAVY-YARD.

The greatest activity prevails at the Navy-yard and forts in our harbor. There are movements of troops, transfers of crews, and speedy preparations on board of vessels of war, which seem to indicate that some movement of importance is on foot. Whether it relates to our domestic affairs, or to the recent demonstrations on the part of Spain, is left to conjecture.

WHAT SECESSION HAS COST SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Message from Governor Pickens to the Convention of South Carolina contains many details respecting the military affairs of that State. He informs them that 600 men will be required to garrison the forts in Charleston Harbor, and that the expenditures of the State have been $640,317.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE AT CHICAGO.

A colored man named Harris, with his wife and two children, were arrested at Chicago on 3d, on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Corneau, and sent by special train to Springfield, to be examined. The man is claimed by Mr. Patterson, of St. Louis County, Missouri, and the woman and children by Mr. Vail, of the same county, whence they escaped. As it was almost entirely unknown that warrants were issued, they were executed with little difficulty; but after the affair became known the most intense excitement prevailed among the colored portion of the community, and large numbers gathered at the dépôt at the time the regular morning train left, the crowd supposing the fugitives to be on board. One or two shots were fired at the train. Beyond this there was no disturbance.

A TERRIBLE OUTRAGE.

The Nashville *Union* of 26th March says: "We have the particulars of a most deplorable outrage committed by a negro man in Sumner County, and his summary execution by the citizens of the neighborhood. The facts, as we are informed, are as follows: Mr. W. C. Moore, who resides at Saundersville, in Sumner County, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, had recently purchased a plantation in Alabama, and was preparing to remove to it. All of his negroes except one expressed entire willingness to go, and it became necessary to use force with that one. Mr. Moore was handcuffing him for the purpose of sending him off with the rest of the negroes. The boy, it appears, had prepared himself for a murderous assault upon his master, as he had a knife concealed in his right sleeve, and while the handcuff was being fastened upon his left arm he made a lunge at Mr. Moore's throat, inflicting a terrible but not fatal wound, which he followed up with another stroke, cutting a deep gash upon his chin. By this time Mr. Saunders and the father of Mr. Moore came to his rescue, when the negro turned upon the former and commenced cutting him, and then upon the latter, cutting his throat from ear to ear, almost severing his head from his body, and killing him instantly. The alarm having been given, the people in the vicinity hastened to the bloody scene, and it was found necessary to shoot the negro three times before the knife could be got from him. He was then taken and hung immediately. It is thought the wound of the younger Moore will not prove fatal."

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

Hon. C. B. Sedgwick has written the appended reply to a note which he received from a clergyman asking his influence to obtain a subordinate clerkship in the New York Custom-house for his son, a youth he "had never had occasion to punish, and never knew of his being guilty of a falsehood:"

"SYRACUSE, *March*, 18[illegible]

"REV. MR. P.—*My dear Sir:* If you have a son who won't lie nor steal, don't, for God's sake, put him in the New York Custom-house; he would soon lose those qualities there, and get other habits not half so virtuous. Still, if you are inclined to put temptation in his way, instead of being careful and prayerful that it be removed from him, I will give him a letter, provided any friend of mine is appointed collector.

"Very truly your friend and the friend of your boy,

"C. B. SEDGWICK."

A DI VERNON IN WISCONSIN.

The Wisconsin *State Journal*, of the 26th ult., says: "About two o'clock this afternoon the people along King and Pinkney streets were startled by a horse, with a young lady on his back, running at furious speed in the direction of the American House. She had evidently lost control of him, and every one expected to see her dashed to the ground and seriously hurt, if not killed outright. Turning down Washington Avenue, he shot through the crowd of wood wagons and other vehicles, and dashed directly into the livery stable just below the American. A great rush of people immediately filled the stable, fearful that the girl was killed; but with the exception of some rents in her riding dress, she was unhurt. She had kept her seat, and appeared perfectly cool and collected. All that troubled her, she declared, during the runaway was the disarrangement of her dress, and she proposed to try the horse again without delay. It proved to be a fast horse, owned by John D. Welch, that few men cared to ride, he is so wild and unmanageable, but which the girl, Miss Ellen Dennison, of this city, had determined to ride at the State Fair. She was practicing with him on Third Lake ridge, near Governor Farwell's house, when she lost control of the bridle, and he ran with her to the stable, a distance of about a mile. The horse was very much excited, and some of the by-standers attempted to dissuade her from mounting him again. She very coolly replied that 'she proposed to ride that horse or die in the attempt.' Remounting the horse, she rode out in the street, when he acted so badly that Ben Reed got him by the bits, and led him into the stable, where, after some stroking down and 'horse talk,' his nerves were partially quieted, and Miss Dennison rode him away in triumph. Miss Dennison is a young lady apparently about twenty, with a keen black eye and rosy cheeks, and withal very pretty, besides being 'as brave as Julius Cæsar.'"

PERSONAL.

Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, died at Cincinnati on 4th, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. There are now two vacancies in the Supreme Bench, caused by the death of Judges Daniel of Virginia, and McLean of Ohio. Judge McLean entered Congress from Cincinnati in 1812, was made Postmaster-General by President Monroe in 1823, was continued in that office by J. Q. Adams, but displaced in 1829 by General Jackson, who made him Judge of the Supreme Court, which office he has filled for more than thirty years.

Cassius M. Clay has advertised to sell at auction on the 10th of April, his stock and farm and household appointments, preparatory to leaving to serve his country at the Court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Clay has long been a distinguished breeder and importer of stock.

Governor Houston has sent a message to the Legislature protesting against the Convention, appealing to the Legislature to sustain him, and claiming still to be Governor. The Legislature took not the slightest notice of it.

A Washington correspondent says that G. W. Lane, recently confirmed as Judge for the Northern and Southern Districts of Alabama, will, it is said, endeavor to hold his Court at Athens, in the Union part of that State.

Captain Berryman, Commander of the United States sloop *Wyandotte*, died at Pensacola, on Tuesday, of brain fever.

The three Confederate States envoys to the European courts are now *en route*. Mr. Dudley Mann sailed from this port on Saturday, on board the *Arago*, while Messrs. Yancey and Rost sailed from New Orleans yesterday for Havana, where they will embark on board the British West India mail steamer for Europe. The United States Embassadors will be dispatched abroad with as little delay as possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.

HER Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent died on Saturday morning, March 16, at 9¼ o'clock, at Frogmore, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and some of the other members of the Royal family. The melancholy intelligence was communicated to the Lord Mayor in an official letter from Sir G. C. Lewis, the Secretary of State, also requesting his lordship to direct the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral to be tolled, as is customary on the death of members of the Royal family.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" COMING HERE AGAIN.

A letter from England to the *Herald* says: "The *Great Eastern*, it is now fully decided, sails to New York on the 1st of May. The decision, I learn from a private source, has just been made, and that she will be advertised on Monday. Various other ports, all the way from Saccarappa to Pocotaligo, have made tremendous efforts to get her prow headed toward their egg-shell harbors. There is but one *Great Eastern* steamship and but one New York harbor, and the two are made for each other. I trust the little *désagréments* that befell her last year in the excursion down your coast will be atoned for by good management and good fortune."

FRANCE.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

In the Corps Legislatif M. Jules Favre had moved his amendment to the address, requesting the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. He strongly urged the necessity for such a proceeding, and asserted that the maintenance of the States would be impossible. M. Billault said that the French Government would neither sacrifice the Pope to the unity of Italy, nor the unity of Italy to the Pope. The aim of France was to reconcile the two interests. The combination proposed at Villa Franca was the true solution, and it should be accepted as such. He alluded at length to the difficulties attending the question. The amendment was then rejected by 246 to 5. An amendment in favor of the temporal power of the Pope was offered, but subsequently withdrawn, Count de Morny urging the Legislature to leave the solution of the question to the Emperor. The entire address was finally agreed to by a vote of 213 against 13.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

At latest dates it was currently reported in Paris that the Emperor of Austria had sent an autograph letter to the Emperor of the French, setting forth that his position in Italy is untenable, owing to the constant encroachments of Piedmont. His Majesty likewise expresses himself unable to understand the policy of France with regard to Italy, and especially adverts to the speeches of Prince Napoleon in the Senate and M. Billault in the Corps Legislatif, and requires a distinct answer to this question: Does the Emperor of the French mean to support Piedmont in its aggressions against Rome? The presence of the Piedmontese in the Papal capital his Austrian Majesty can not but look upon as a preliminary to an attack upon Venice: the arguments that would justify Victor Emanuel in taking possession of Rome would equally bear him out in attacking Venice. Francis-Joseph, therefore, requires an explicit answer as to what course the French Emperor means to pursue. In the event, however, of a Piedmontese occupation of Rome, the treaties of Zurich and Villafranca must be considered as annulled, and Austria could not consider herself bound by a compact so glaringly violated, and would consider herself, should such a contingency occur, entirely free to act in the manner best calculated to protect her openly threatened interests in the Peninsula.

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Bonaparte-Patterson case is, it is said, to be reopened on an appeal. Madame Patterson alleges that she left in Baltimore important papers, which she feared to bring to France, thinking that they might be taken from her, and which would fully establish the fact that her marriage was contracted in good faith on her part. This has been all that she and her son have ever desired to prove. As to winning the suit, they never had a hope of it, but have simply wished to place upon the record of the judicial tribunals evidence which would remove from Captain Bonaparte, who is an officer in the French army, and whose future lot is cast in France, the stain of illegitimacy. He is very popular here, and since the commencement of these proceedings has been more than ever a lion in Paris. In addition to his pay, Captain Bonaparte has an income allowed him by his grandmother of twenty-six thousand francs a year, and on these fine, sunny spring afternoons, may be seen driving his pair of fast horses, attached to his American buggy, in the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne.

TRADE IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Commercial operations are still dull. Uneasiness, created by political causes, the monetary embarrassments in Europe and America, the ill-founded apprehension entertained by many French manufacturers as the period approaches for carrying into full effect the commercial treaty, and particularly the excessive dearness of money, impede the revival of trade. The Paris wheat and flour market was firm."

ITALY.

RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY.

A dispatch dated Turin, Wednesday, March 20, says: All the Ministry have tendered their resignations, which have been accepted by the King. Count Cavour, it is believed, will be intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, in which all the different divisions of Italy will be represented.

In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, Count Cavour announced that the whole Ministry had tendered its resignation, and stated that he had advised the King to form a Ministry according to the new elements of the kingdom. It was, he said, the intention of the Government to place the Council of Lieutenantcy at Naples under the Central Government, which would be responsible for its acts. The Chamber of Deputies then adjourned until a new Ministry has been formed.

A later dispatch adds: The new Ministry is not yet announced. Rumor gives the following combination: Cavour, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs and Marine; Fanti, Minister of War; Cassino, Minister of Justice; Minghetti, of Interior; Desanctis, of Instruction; Natoi, of Agriculture and Commerce; Bastozi, of Finance; Peruzzi, of Public Works; Neulsa, a Minister without port-folio.

WHAT ITALY WANTS.

The Italian Parliament, in responding to the speech of Victor Emanuel, tells him that it trusts in him as an Italian King and a valiant soldier, significantly adding that its thoughts are sorrowfully turned toward unhappy Venice; that Italy anxiously aspires to the possession of her city of Rome, and that every measure calculated to increase the armaments will be hailed with satisfaction by the Italian people.

THE POPE DEFENDS HIMSELF.

At Rome, on the 18th ult., a consistory was held, at which the Pope had an opportunity of expressing himself upon the present position of Italy and the Papacy. He defended the Papal government from the charge of being opposed to civilization, and declared that it only opposed the pretended modern civilization which persecuted the Church and trampled justice under foot. He stated that he would himself have spontaneously granted all reasonable concessions, and would have gladly abided by the counsels of the Catholic sovereigns, but that he could not receive the advice or submit to the unjust demands of a usurping power.

WILL HE GO TO VENICE?

The *Perseveranza* of Milan asserts that the priests were exercising a pressure on the Pope, with the object of inducing him to proceed to Venice. Bellegarde was in Vienna, conducting negotiations to that effect. It would appear, however, that Austria fears the responsibility which such a step might involve. The Pope's last allocution is regarded as precluding all hope of a compromise between the Holy See and the new kingdom of Italy.

RUSSIA.

THE EMPEROR'S REPLY TO THE POLES.

The substance of the Emperor's reply to the address of his Polish subjects is published. The Emperor says that he ought to consider the Polish petition as null and void, but, nevertheless, he graciously consents to regard it only as an "act of enthusiasm." He devotes his whole attention to the reforms which are necessary throughout the empire, and his Polish subjects are as much the objects of his solicitude as are the Russians. But he has a right to expect that his sentiments and intentions shall not be "misunderstood or paralyzed by inopportune or immoderate demands, which he could not confound with the welfare of his subjects." He will not tolerate any serious disturbances, and "nothing can be raised on such a foundation;" for "aspirations which should there seek for support would condemn themselves beforehand." A dispatch from Warsaw says that the Polish deputation was "astounded" at the tone of the Emperor Alexander's reply, which has not abated the prevailing excitement. Prince Gortchakoff unofficially told the deputation that an imperial manifesto would speedily grant reforms, and received from Count Zamoiski the answer: "We accept; but we are far from being satisfied."

TURKEY.

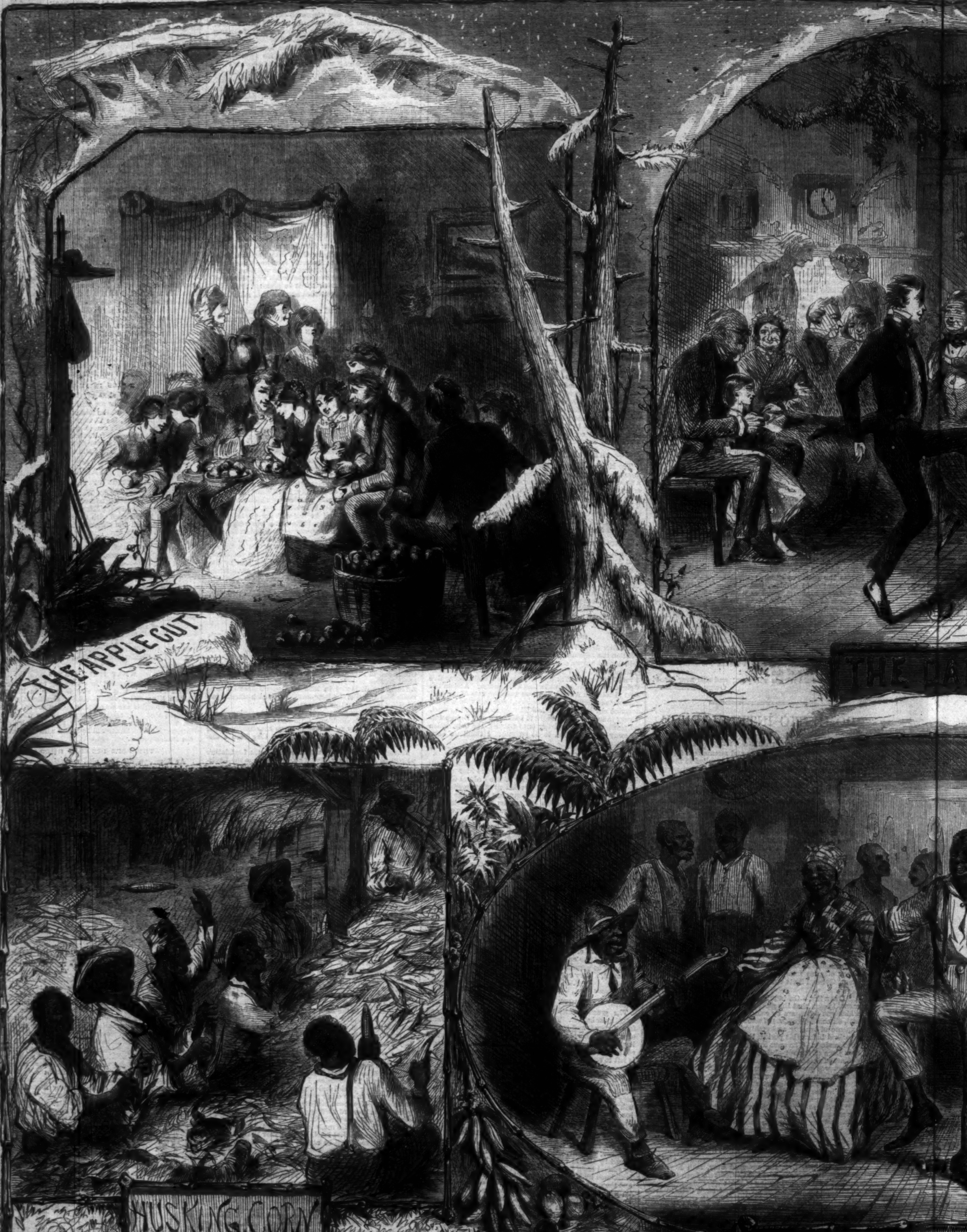
COTTON CULTIVATION IN ASIA MINOR.

A company has been proposed at Constantinople under the name of the Cotton Bank of Anatolia, *for developing the cotton cultivation in Asia Minor*. It is said to be supported by the leading merchants of Smyrna, and to have received the patronage of the British Embassador, Sir H. L. Bulwer, and the co-operation of the Grand Vizier.

ST. DOMINGO.

RUMORED MOVEMENT OF THE SPANIARDS.

By an arrival at Key West on the 26th ult. it was reported that the Spanish flag had been hoisted at St. Domingo by the Spanish and French. The Spanish President had previously written to Havana, stating that if Spanish forces were not sent thither immediately the Spaniards would hoist the Spanish flag, whereupon five Spanish war vessels and 1000 men sailed from Havana and took formal possession of San Domingo, aided by a French corvette.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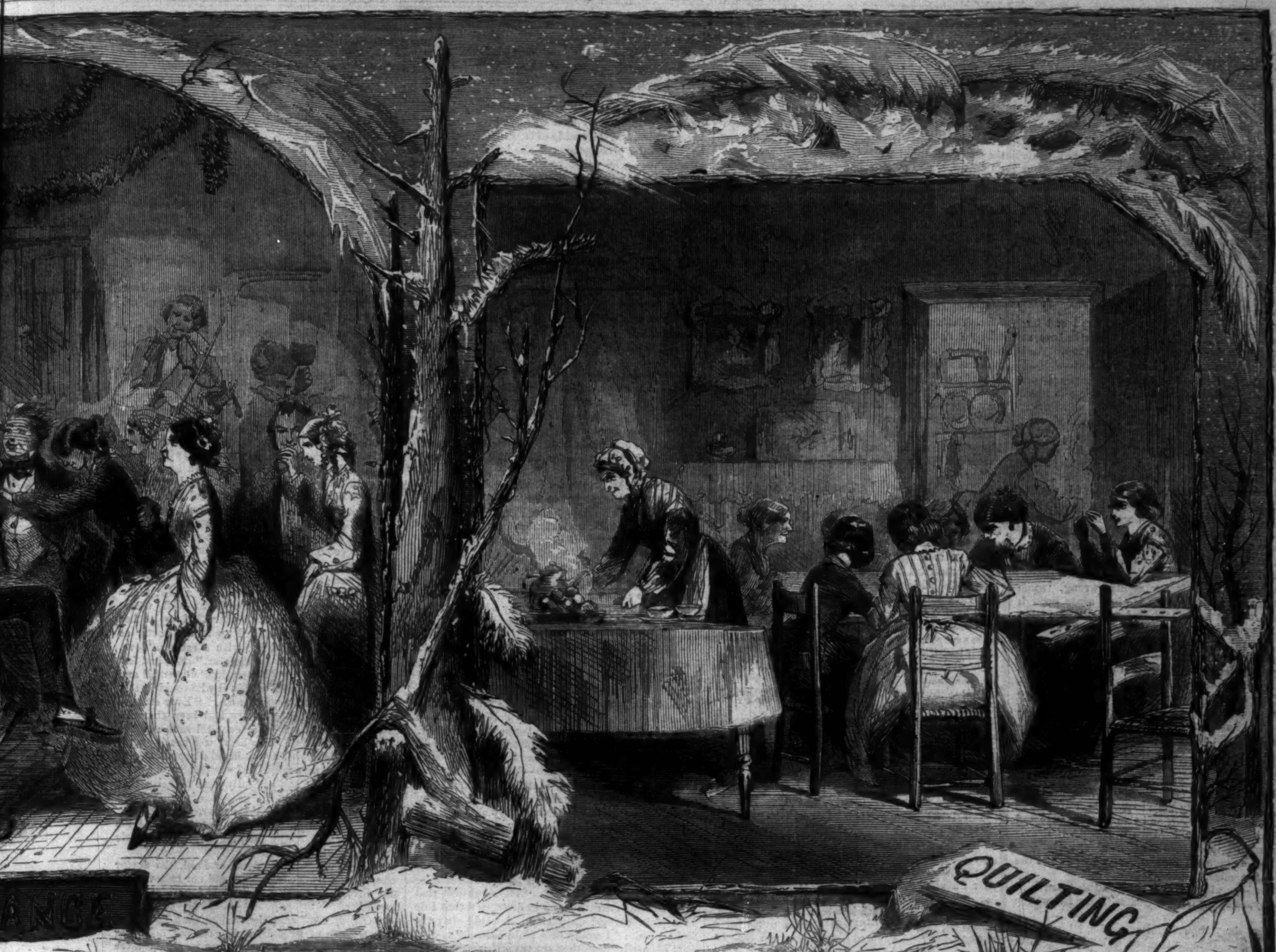
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QUILTING
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RAFFLING

OME SCENES.

PAUL LEE'S WIFE.

"Who ever has been, and gone, and done this?" said Purvis Lee as he opened the door of Dr. Lee's office from the inside, early in the morning, and found hanging on the door-knob a basket with something in it.

"Baskets were made to put something in, and this has something in it, and no mistake, and I would like to know who has been and hung this basket on Dr. Lee's door. It is not *her*—no, that is fixed and certain. She could not, for it is not a day old. And it is not *him*—that's just as fixed and certain, for he's run away long ago, with no manner of doubt. So you see, Purvis, that's me, 'tis settled that it was not the mother of it nor the father of it that brought it here and hung it on this door-knob. You see, Purvis, that's me, we are taking circumstantial evidence this morning, and if we can't find out who did bring it here, we can find out who did not. It was not Paul, that's the doctor, for he staid with old Mrs. Boyd and her asthma till four o'clock, and I let him in here at this door, and there was nothing here then. And it was not Purvis, that's me, because—well—I know 'twas not. So it's settled that there are four persons in Bordenton who did not bring it here. But somehow it came, and here it is;" and Purvis poked *it* very awkwardly, and it screamed very naturally.

"Take care, you chap, you'll raise the house; and Paul, that's the doctor, will scold Purvis, that's me, as if I was the fellow in the basket, that screamed on purpose to wake him after his night's watching. But what on earth can I do with this? Emily is not here, and if she was she would send it to the poor-house; and Aunt Hetty has her hands full, attending to every thing and the scolding besides, so that she could not look at it."

Purvis Lee was what is called the "black sheep" in his family. There was something wrong, "some screw loose," people said. He had sense enough to learn well at school; he had a better education than many who are successful in business and elegant in manners; but Purvis Lee had never been either. He was considered a sort of irresponsible being. He was kind-hearted, useful in a certain way as a dependent upon his brother, and it was a standing wonder how such an odd, "half-baked" person could be a brother to the popular and handsome Paul Lee, M.D. in Bordenton.

Purvis was in a difficulty this morning. I think such a waif as had come in his way would be a comprehensive difficulty to any man unassisted by the other, if not better, half of humanity.

"Don't scream, you little beggar," said Purvis Lee, "and something may happen." Purvis was of the genus Micawber, and therefore he expected that something would "turn up." As if Providence meant to reward reasonable expectations, just at that moment Phœbe Boyd appeared at the door of the office.

"Good-morning, Miss Boyd," said the man with the baby, as he swung the basket to and fro to keep *it* still.

"How dost thou do, Purvis Lee?" said the young lady. Being a Quaker, or Friend, her faith forbade her to say good-morning; and she said Purvis Lee, instead of Purvis, because Joseph John Gurney and other polite Friends thought it was more respectful and deferential to speak the whole name than the given name alone, or, as Friends say, the "first name." As they do not christen their children, they have no Christian names; and as they never say Sir, they have no sir or surnames. I think they have made no inquiry to learn whether surname comes from an objectionable root, as *sir*, a title which they abjure with all other titles, or from *sur*, the French word for over and above.

"What hast thou there, Purvis Lee?" said Phœbe, longing to take the basket from his hands.

"It is only a baby that somebody hung on our office-door this morning. They must have been in a dreadful hurry, for it is not dressed, and I don't know what to do with it, any more than I would know what to do with an elephant that had been hung on our door-knob."

"How I wish I could carry the dear little thing home!" said Phœbe, as she bent over the basket, looking just like a dove, in a muslin de laine the color of heliotrope blossoms, a little white silk shawl, and a cottage straw, with a dove-colored ribbon just matching the shade of her dress. "But I came for mother's medicine, and I must return as soon as possible, for she had a very bad night. Here is the recipe."

"Well, you take the basket, and I will get you the remedy. Paul, that's Dr. Lee, don't like me to say medicine any more. He says, 'Purvis' (that's me), 'these are remedies, not medicines.' But what am I to do with that in the basket?"

"When thy brother rises he will advise thee; and thou mayst mention to him that I feel a deep interest in the babe, and if my mother would consent; but— Oh! I would do any thing right for the privilege of loving and caring for this babe! Poor little outcast! But I must go. Thou wilt not forget, Purvis Lee, to tell thy brother that I feel a deep interest in the babe."

"I guess I sha'n't be likely to forget the only friend and acquaintance the little beggar has in Bordenton, always excepting Purvis Lee, that's me. I'll take it down stairs to Aunt Hetty. She won't bite; she will only scold; and I suppose it will want some breakfast, like other folks."

"What *have* you got there, Purvis?" said Aunt Hetty, who saw very plainly what it was.

"Only a baby that somebody hung on our office-door, and I reckon it wants some breakfast. They eat when they are little and red like this, don't they?"

Aunt Hetty was sixty years old. She was neat and a scold; and Purvis Lee and most people who had to abide in her vicinity sometimes wished that she was good-natured and a slattern. But she had a weakness for babies. Poor Aunt Hetty had the care of a baby, forty years ago, that won her whole heart and died; and her sister, who was its mother, never grieved as much for the translated little angel as did Aunt Hetty. In the bottom of her seal-skin covered trunk there is a red housewife with a soiled and bitten corner. Little Annie had played with it forty years ago. And there is a tiny green morocco shoe that has held its color surprisingly, seeing it is forty years old. Little Annie had worn this shoe one day—the day she was taken with "the throat distemper," and Aunt Hetty kept the small memorial, while the mother had preserved its fellow. The mother had gone to join her darling many years ago; but Aunt Hetty had lived to be a wonderful housekeeper, a desperate scold, and a great lover of babies, though few knew of the last-named gift.

"Put that basket down, you awkward thing! You will spill that baby on the floor, and knock the breath out of its poor little body. There, leave it, and carry up that waiter to the dining-room, and ring the bell for the doctor."

"Paul, that's the doctor, did not come home till four o'clock this morning; and Purvis, that's me, will not risk ringing the bell till he has slept his first nap out."

Aunt Hetty bade him take up the tray, and he obeyed; and then she rung the bell.

"He may get up and eat his breakfast, or he may sleep and let it alone. I have done my part. Now, you poor, dear little baby, I'll see to you."

When Purvis returned to the kitchen Aunt Hetty was bathing the baby, and a suit of little garments that were in the basket lay on a chair by her side.

"The little beauty! The little darling! Its fingers are almost as long as mine, and its limbs are as perfect as a picture. Oh my! It's a baby that never belonged to common folks! and to think of its goin' to the poor-house!"

The tears dropped fast from Aunt Hetty's nose as she proceeded in her labor of love. Purvis came with a disposition to overlook.

"Take yourself off, Purvis—you hain't no business here. Go up and see if Dr. Lee is at his breakfast. He told me to put his breakfast on the table every mornin' at seven if the house was afire, and if he is there I want to know it."

Purvis reappeared in a moment. "Paul, that's Dr. Lee, is at his breakfast."

In due time Aunt Hetty ascended to the dining-room with the baby in her arms.

"Why, Aunt Hetty! Aunt Hetty! Who would have thought it of you? And then to come in open daylight and show the thing to me! Oh, Aunt Hetty! think of it! To disgrace your young years and my old age!"

"You are always talking nonsense, Dr. Lee; but somebody has to talk sense now."

Purvis was standing behind Aunt Hetty.

"It is not Aunt Hetty's," said he. "I found it on our door-step; no, hanging to our door-knob; they are always on the door-step in stories."

"So Aunt Hetty has bribed you to tell a story, poor Purvis," said the doctor, overbrimming with fun, though he had watched and worked nearly all night to keep the breath in widow Boyd.

"Well, Aunt Hetty, shall I get a nurse, or a housekeeper? I suppose I must keep you, for who else would have any thing to do with you? What am I to do? you have ordered me about so long that I could not get on at all without your tyranny; so just tell me what, and I'll attend to it."

"I think," said Aunt Hetty, only attending to the subject-matter before them, "that you had better get a nurse. This baby warn't made for the poor-house."

"Then it *warn't* made for our house," said the doctor.

"You ought by good rights to have a wife; but as you hain't got none, we must do the next best way. If we had a little girl, I think I could manage with the work and the baby."

"'Tis hard to part you, Aunt Hetty, and at your time of life, too; but you must take your punishment, and let the baby go."

"To the poor-house!" screamed Aunt Hetty. "I'll spend all my savings first. I'll hire a room!"

"Oh, don't, Aunt Hetty!" said the doctor; "that will be punishing me a little too severely. Suppose I take the thing down to Phœbe Boyd. The old lady is grateful to me for having saved her life. She is pretty safe from another attack for the next three months, and Phœbe is all right always."

"I'll be satisfied with that," said Aunt Hetty; "but there will be a dreadful deal of talk if Phœbe takes it. It ought to be some married woman."

"Why, you are not a married woman, Aunt Hetty, and you proposed to take it."

"It ought to be a married woman, or an old maid like me," said Hetty.

"Now I have finished my breakfast, let me look. Purvis, harness my horse and buggy. Come here, youngster, your troubles don't trouble you yet. 'Whence came I? who am I?' will be questions for after-years. For the present, you will eat and sleep and squall between your legitimate doings. A fine child! Aunt Hetty, I really don't know whether to praise you or blame you. I believe, on the whole, you have done the State some service. Fold it up in a blanket, and put on your bonnet, and we will go down to the widow Boyd's."

"And the dishes not done up?"

"I can't carry the baby. That is women's work. The dishes must wait once in a lifetime. Come! hurry up! I have my hands full."

Arrived at the widow's home, the doctor questioned about her breathing first of all.

"Thee has cured me, doctor. The attack is clean gone. Thee is worth thy weight in gold. The pressure on my chest is all gone."

"Till it comes again," said the doctor. "Now you must bathe, and rub your chest with the flesh-brush daily, and eat half or a third as much as you want, and that plain bread and meat, or bread and milk, none of your made-up dishes, and then I can promise you that you won't be smothered this week."

"Oh, if I could ever pay thee!"

"I have brought my pay along," said the doctor. "It is out in the other room with your Phœbe, and my Aunt Hetty."

"Thee don't say that Aunt Hetty is here. Thee is making sport, doctor. Thee always is, for that matter. Hetty Marshall would not be away from home before the work was done up."

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Boyd. Somebody left a new-born babe at my door this morning. Hetty loves babies, and she could not bear that this should be sent to the poor-house, and she is out in search of somebody who will take the little creature and nurse it by hand for a while."

"Thee don't say so! What a dreadful world we live in! Has thee any notion who the baby belongs to?"

"Well, I think it belongs to Providence and me. At any rate, I shall take that view of it for the present. If my sister Emily were with me now, and would consent to have the babe in the house, I should keep it at home. As it is, I want you to take it for a month."

"Thee don't say so! Why, doctor, people would talk."

"I never knew them to do any thing else," said the doctor.

"What *would* they say, doctor?"

"I don't care what others would say. I want to know what you say. Will you take the baby for two weeks—a week—till I can look about me?"

"Why thee has been so good to me that we *must* take it. Do bring it in, and I will speak to Phœbe. We can't do too much for thee, doctor, after all thee has done for me."

"Pile on the gratitude, Mrs. Boyd; it is convenient, now I want you to serve me."

"Thee's such a strange man!" said the widow.

The baby was left with Phœbe Boyd, and a great joy it was to her; but it was a thorn in the side of the Quaker mother.

"I don't like Dr. Lee to be looking at thee as he does, Phœbe. All the world would not tempt me to have thee marry out of meetin'. Thee has done enough to trouble me with thy ways of speakin' and dressin'. That straw-bonnet of thine is not Friendly."

"What could be plainer, mother, than my straw-bonnet? It has a plain ribbon going over the top, and tying under my chin. The rain does not spoil it, and if it gets soiled I can wash it. Now a Quaker silk bonnet is ruined if the rain sprinkles it, and one fly could spoil twenty dollars' worth of drab or white silk Quaker bonnets in a night. They freeze one's ears in winter with their cold pasteboard sides; and they are like putting one's head in a tin pail in summer—hot when we want them cold, cold when we want them warm; liable to be spoiled every day they are worn, and every night when they are not worn; they are ugly and uneconomical, besides being very disagreeable to wear."

"Thee is not Friendly," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Mother, thou knowest I prize our Testimonies above price," said Phœbe. "Thou knowest that I do not like extravagance in dress, and that I do love plainness and simplicity. I would obey the light within. I would be a plain Friend."

"Then why does thee set thyself up above the best Friends in the meetin', with thy *thous*, Phœbe? Why can't thee say *thee*, as others do?"

"I do not wish to speak ungrammatically because I am a Friend, when our principal reason for one of our greatest singularities in language is that it is grammatical."

"I don't know the grammar-book," said Mrs. Boyd, or Ruth Boyd, as she was known among Friends; "but I know that no good comes of being proud enough to say *thou*, when *thee* answers for every body in the meetin' but one or two public Friends."

"Thou sayest, mother, that I am proud because I use language a little more correct than others. Why dost not thou call Alice Osborne and Moses Chase proud? They are ministers, to be sure, but have they therefore an exclusive right to speak correctly?"

"We expect public Friends to say thou," said her mother. "They are ministers, and Friends expect it of them, but thee is not likely to be a minister, and need not set theeself above others."

"I have no such intention, mother."

"I must tell thee, Phœbe, that this baby must go. I can't bear the way it is leading thee out of plain ways. When thee thinks Doctor Lee is going to call, thee combs thy hair low on thy temples, and thee puts on a collar with an edge, such as no plain Friend ever wore yet."

"Mother, I am young," said Phœbe, very greatly distressed.

The colloquy was cut short by the entrance of Dr. Lee.

"I am troubled about this baby," said Ruth Boyd. "Phœbe has not time for every thing."

"Well, my sister has come, and she says I must take the baby home, and hire or take a small girl," said Dr. Lee.

"And will thy sister Emily take care of the dear little fellow?" said Phœbe, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"She says so. Are you tired of him? Do you know I have brought a present for the little one this morning? I am going to have him named."

Dr. Lee did not say christened, because he knew too well the strength of Quaker prejudices.

"What will thee call him?" said Ruth.

"Paul Lee," said the doctor.

"Thou art a brave man, and I thank thee," said Phœbe.

"Will you do up little Paul in his best bib, Phœbe, and let me drive you over to my house, that Emily may decide whether she will like to take such a lump of trouble? How he has grown in ten weeks!"

Phœbe looked at her mother for leave to go with the doctor. Ruth Boyd trusted Dr. Lee very much. She wanted to get rid of the cause, or excuse rather, for his frequent visits. She had seen the tell-tale blood fly into Phœbe's face, when he had driven up to the door. She knew that she was exposing her daughter to the fascinations of a fine man of forty, who seemed not a day over thirty. She dreaded that a child of hers should marry out of meeting. Phœbe already had a mind of her own about several things. The end of all her reflections was always the same. The baby must go away.

"Put on thy bonnet, Phœbe, and take the baby over; thee will have to give it up, thee is not strong enough to be up nights, the way thee is."

Phœbe did as she was bid, and she was soon seated by the doctor in his buggy. He peeped under the cottage straw-bonnet, and saw the tears dropping fast on the wee face in her lap. He turned off on the Grove Road without her noticing the fact, and drove under the shadow of the rich old woods, which was very grateful, as it was the middle of July.

"Phœbe," said the doctor, in a low and very tender voice.

She looked up and was startled when she saw herself in the shadow of the beautiful woods called "The Grove."

"Phœbe, dear, said the doctor, Providence has given to us an outcast babe. I believe little Paul will come to be a good man if we do our duty by him, and I think we shall, for we both love him as our own."

"I hope we shall," said Phœbe, her tears falling fast.

"I am a great coward," said the doctor. "I want to tell you, Phœbe, that I love you dearly, deeply. It seems to me that man never loved woman as I love you, and yet I begin by talking about our love for the baby. Phœbe, I want you to be my wife, and take care of Paul till he is a man; but I don't want you to be mine because you love the babe, whose parents have forsaken it—I want you to love me, Phœbe. Do you think you can ever come to love me well enough to be my wife?"

Ever come to love him? What a question, when he had been the object of her almost idolatrous love ever since she knew him well, which had been through all his tender kindness to her mother. Phœbe had looked up to the doctor as we do to superior beings, with a reverent love, like that of "the moth for the star." She had few objects of interest. "The meeting" was small and dull. There was not a man in it who could by any possibility pass for a gentleman. "Ever come to love Dr. Lee?" Her misery had been that she could not come to love, or even tolerate, any one else. Poor Phœbe! Her heart was beating with a frightened delight, a wonderful disappointment, such as a poor man might feel who had found a pearl worth thousands, and had fully come to realize that it was *his*.

"Phœbe dear," said the doctor, after waiting too long for an answer, "can you ever love me well enough to marry me and take care of little Paul always?"

Still pleading in the name of Paul, the doctor was, indeed, a coward. He could not believe that the dove-like Quaker girl *could* love him as he loved her.

"Oh, doctor," said she, "thou dost not know the strength of Friends' feelings about marrying out of the Society. My mother would be more grieved than I can tell thee."

"Your mother's grief is one thing, and your love is another, Phœbe. What I wish to know is, could you love me well enough to marry me if I were a Quaker?"

"Indeed I could," said Phœbe, and then she was afraid she had been too frank, and she hid her face in the bosom of the infant.

"You have made me the happiest man in the world, Phœbe; for though I am not a Quaker, I am an honest man, and I love you more than my life. Your mother may be troubled at first, but she is truly attached to me herself, and she knows that husband and wife should love each other in order to be happy. She can't hold herself long against us."

Drip, drip fell the hot tears on the wee face. The doctor went on: "If you love me you will surely marry me, and take care of little Paul, and me, and Aunt Hetty. I will never interfere with your religion in the slightest. I only want Paul christened, so as to give him my name in a Christian way, and if there is no good in the sprinkling of water, there is surely no harm in it."

"Phœbe! Phœbe!"

She leaned against him as if she were fainting.

"Thou dost not know what you askest, Dr. Lee," said she. "My mother will be grieved more than I can tell, and every one of my friends will be hurt and look coldly at me."

"You can say sorry for it, in a reasonable time after we are married, and they will take you back. And maybe you *will* be sorry. It is not safe to warrant that such an old fellow as I am will make a model husband. How old is my Phœbe?" said he, stooping and looking under the little bonnet.

"Old enough to know her own mind," said Phœbe, firmly. "I am twenty-five to-morrow."

"Then take me and the baby for a birthday present," said the doctor, earnestly.

The tears still overflowed Phœbe's eyes, but she answered with tolerable firmness,

"My dear friend, I will."

"You blessed little girl," said Dr. Lee. "I will turn about and drive you home, and tell your mother that Emily sha'n't have the baby, and I will ask her for you."

"Not yet," said Phœbe.

"Just as you say, not as I care," said the doctor, turning round. "You shall have it all your own way if you will only take the two Pauls."

"I must think a little," said Phœbe; "but I am clear that it is my duty to be thy wife and the mother of this motherless child. And it is just as certain that my mother will never give her consent. *Never.*"

The doctor turned and drove to Phœbe's home.

"Thou wilt come to-morrow," said she, "and I will tell thee what I have decided upon. Not about our marriage, but about the manner. Oh, I wish thou wast a Friend!"

"If copper were silver or silver were gold, it would be all very well for our pockets, but metals are not transmutable. Neither am I; but I love you, Phœbe, and will never interfere with your religious liberty."

"I believe thee," said Phœbe.

The doctor reverently kissed her ungloved hand, and they drove up to Ruth Boyd's door.

"What time to-morrow?" said he.

"Three in the afternoon, if it is convenient to thee."

"Why did not thee leave the child?" said Ruth, sharply.

"Neither the doctor nor I thought it best." No more was said then.

Doctor Lee went home. His sister was a very vinegary old maid, who respected the Proprieties, and honored "they say" more than the whole moral law.

"Where is that baby?" said she.

"Where it was yesterday and day before," said the doctor. "I forgot that the baby belongs to Aunt Hetty, and I only tell *you* in confidence; but she placed it with Miss Boyd, and I can't take it away without her leave."

"I wish you would not talk nonsense to me, Paul," said the lady.

"Perhaps I had better not," said the doctor. "Well, Emily, I will talk sense. You know you always said you would never stay a day in my house if I was married."

"To be sure I did! What business would I have here? I have trouble enough with Hetty."

"I am afraid I shall want to get married, and if you got fond of the babe it might make trouble, as I am fond of him, and have given him my name. I mean, in the event of my marriage you might find yourself awkwardly placed."

"I have kept house for you in Bordenton ten years last New Year's, and I have put up with you and Purvis"—

"That's me," broke in that worthy.

—"and Hetty; and now you are talking nonsense about being married, after picking up somebody's brat, that I consented to take care of rather than have you pay out what you have been paying to those Quakers, who are stingy as—"

"You are, maybe," said Purvis.

"I know 'tis all nonsense—Purvis go to your work in the garden. And now, Paul Lee, I shall take home that child to-morrow. Hetty says you pay three dollars a week for taking care of it."

"Five," said the Doctor.

"To-morrow afternoon I'll go for it."

"Wait a little, and I'll bring it home," said the doctor.

"You will see whether I shall wait."

"There are a good many things in my dish," said the doctor to himself, "and half a dozen patients to see to-night."

"Shall I put out the horse?" said Purvis.

"Not yet," said the doctor, quite miserable, for an accepted lover; and he went out and took his seat in his buggy.

"I can think here," said he to himself. "Emily must go away. She has been an old house on my head these ten years. She will torment Phœbe into her grave in a month. I won't try to piece impossibilities together; Hetty likes my little Quaker girl, and she loves babies better than any thing. I must *think*."

Phœbe was at home thinking also. She had an aunt who needed a home, and her mother and brother could live very happily with her. There was only the misery of having a daughter marry out of the meeting for Ruth Boyd to bear. That evening, when Joshua came in from work, Phœbe thought she would speak. She trembled a good deal; but she strengthened herself by looking at little Paul.

"My darling outcast," said she to herself, and then she said, "Mother I must try thee terribly to-night, but I have made up my mind, and I tell thee and Joshua because you ought to know. I am going to be married to Dr. Lee, and take care of little Paul always. Aunt Rhoda will be glad to live with thee and Joshua, mother."

Joshua had sense enough to be angry with his sister for marrying out of meeting, the mother had goodness enough to grieve. Both remonstrated; but Phœbe made no replies. She took the baby and retired to her own room early.

The next morning a sad group met at the breakfast-table. The widow had slept very little, and her eyes looked heavy and tearful. Phœbe was sad though determined, and Joshua was vulgarly angry.

This must end at once, thought Phœbe. At two P.M. the doctor called. Phœbe was dressed in a drab-colored barege, with a white crape handkerchief, surmounted by a white silk handkerchief. The baby was in purest white, and looked most lovely.

She tied on her little straw-bonnet, and took the baby in her arms, and said to the doctor, "I am ready." "To go to a Justice?" said he, in a low voice.

"I am ready to go to a Justice," said Phœbe, aloud.

"Phœbe," said Mrs. Boyd, "give me the baby. I will take care of him till thee comes back.' I can't, as a Friend, consent to thy marriage, though Dr. Lee has been very good to me. But I can't see thee go to be married with a child in thy arms—it would be dreadful. What would Friends say?"

"I thank thee, mother," said Phœbe, putting Paul in her lap.

"And I thank you too," said Dr. Lee. "I hope to make a good husband and a good son, though you give me no consent to wed your daughter, Mrs. Boyd."

In an hour Dr. Lee and his bride returned to claim their baby; as much their own as if strangers had not cast it upon their charitable care.

"One more trial, darling," said Dr. Lee. "My sister is harder than your mother, for she won't hold the baby. See if she does!"

Miss Emily Lee was generally in every room of the house some dozens of times in a day. The doctor took Phœbe and the baby into the parlor. Miss Emily came in and opened the windows as evening was coming. She opened them spitefully, as if they were to blame for somebody being present who was not a welcome visitor to her.

"You need not slat and slam so," said Purvis Lee, who had the same trick of being inopportunely present that his sister had.

"This is my wife, Sister Emily," said the doctor. "Purvis"—("That's me," said his brother)—"this is Mrs. Lee, your sister-in-law, and I hope you will always treat her as a gentleman ought to do."

"Hurrah!" cried Purvis, dashing his hat on the floor, which he had previously held under his arm. "I am glad you have been, and gone, and done it."

Miss Emily went out of the parlor as spitefully as she had opened the windows, and when the doctor took Phœbe up stairs to her room, the spare room of the house, and which joined his own, they found her there making sharp demonstrations in various directions, and of various kinds. Then they went down stairs. She was there also, but after presenting herself every where, she said to Purvis, loud enough for all to hear,

"You will book my name for the Taunton stage, that goes at 4 o'clock in the morning, and tell them to call here first."

"With pleasure," said Purvis, making a face behind her back. She turned quickly and saw the mouth being made, and I believe she took a lock of her brother's hair, in a great hurry, and I also think she did *not* take it for a keepsake.

Dr. Lee said, "Served you right, Purvis."

"That's me," said the black sheep.

The next day Phœbe, and Aunt Hetty, and little Paul were left to contract a friendship. They began it in good earnest and good faith. Phœbe helped Hetty about her housework, and Hetty helped Phœbe in the care of the babe, and they became a happy family, for Aunt Hetty left off scolding when she had a baby to love.

Mrs. Phœbe Lee never sent word to the meeting that she was sorry she married her husband; neither did she say, as many did, on a bit of paper which was read in meeting, "I am sorry that I have transgressed the order established by Friends in my marriage, and I hope Friends will pass it by." No. She was a good Christian woman, and a loving wife, and mother to the outcast babe, as to her own; but the peculiarities of Friends gradually disappeared from her language and manners, and now there is only a pure modesty in her dress to distinguish her from others.

Dr. Lee is one of the happiest of men, for, besides having the dearest little wife in the world, he is not invaded by his sister, he is not scolded by Aunt Hetty, and Purvis is less a black sheep than formerly.

Ruth Boyd loves her daughter and her daughter's husband, though they are not Quakers; and Joshua is not so angry as he intended to be. He likes to have a good doctor in the family, for it saves money, and Friends are very remarkable for minding the main chance.

CANNIBALISM IN GALICIA.

THE inhabitants of Austrian Galicia are quiet, inoffensive people, take them as a whole. The Jews, who number a twelfth of the population, are the most intelligent, energetic, and certainly the most money-making individuals in the province, though the Poles proper, or Mazurs, are not devoid of natural parts.

Perhaps as remarkable a phenomenon as any other in that kingdom—for kingdom of Waldimir it was—is the enormous numerical preponderance of the nobility over the untitled. In 1837 the proportions stood thus: 32,190 nobles to 2076 tradesmen.

The average of execution for crime is nine a year, out of a population of four and a half millions—by no means a high figure, considering the peremptory way in which justice is dealt forth in that province. Yet, in the most quiet and well-disposed neighborhoods, occasionally the most startling atrocities are committed, occurring when least expected, and sometimes perpetrated by the very person who is least suspected.

Just twelve years ago there happened in the circle of Tornow, in Western Galicia—the province is divided into nine circles—a circumstance which will probably furnish the grandames with a story for their firesides, during their bitter Galician winters, for many a year.

In the circle of Tornow, in the lordship of Parkost, is a little hamlet called Polomyja, consisting of eight hovels and a Jewish tavern. The inhabitants are mostly wood-cutters, hewing down the firs of the dense forest in which their village is situated, and conveying them to the nearest water, down which they are floated to the Vistula. Each tenant pays no rent for his cottage and patch of field, but is bound to work a fixed number of days for his landlord: a practice universal in Galicia, and often productive of much discontent and injustice, as the proprietor exacts labor from his tenant on those days when the harvest has to be got in, or the land is in best condition for tillage, and just when the peasant would gladly be engaged upon his own small plot. Money is scarce in the province, and this is accordingly the only way in which the landlord can be sure of his dues.

Most of the villagers of Polomyja are miserably poor; but by cultivating a little maize, and keeping a few fowls or a pig, they scrape together sufficient to sustain life. During the summer the men collect resin from the pines, from each of which, once in twelve years, they strip a slip of bark, leaving the resin to exude and trickle into a small earthen-ware jar at its roots; and during the winter, as already stated, they fell the trees and roll them down to the river.

Polomyja is not a cheerful spot—nested among dense masses of pine, which shed a gloom over the little hamlet; yet, on a fine day, it is pleasant enough for the old women to sit at their cottage doors, scenting that matchless pine fragrance, sweeter than the balm of the Spice Islands, for there is nothing cloying in that exquisite and exhilarating odor—listening to the harp-like thrill of the breeze in the old gray tree-tops, and knitting quietly at long stockings, while their little grandchildren romp in the heather and tufted fern.

Toward evening, too, there is something indescribably beautiful in the fir-wood. The sun dives among the trees, and paints their boles with patches of luminous saffron, or falling over a level clearing, glorifies it with its orange dye, so visibly contrasting with the blue-purple shadow on the western rim of unreclaimed forest, deep and luscious as the bloom on a plum. The birds then are hastening to their nests, a gerfalcon, high overhead, is kindled with sunlight; capering and gamboling among the branches, the merry squirrel skips home for the night.

The sun goes down, but the sky is still shining with twilight. The wild-cat begins to hiss and squall in the forest, the heron to flap hastily by, the stork on the top of the tavern chimney to poise itself on one leg for sleep. To-whoo! an owl begins to wake up. Hark! the wood-cutters are coming home with a song.

Such is Polomyja in summer-time, and much resembling it are the hamlets scattered about the forest, at intervals of a few miles; in each, the public house being the most commodious and best built edifice, the church, whenever there is one, not remarkable for any thing but its bulbous steeple.

You would hardly believe that amidst all this poverty a beggar could have picked up any subsistence, and yet, a few years ago, Sunday after Sunday, there sat a white-bearded venerable man at the church-door, asking alms.

Poor people are proverbially compassionate and liberal, so that the old man generally got a few coppers, and often some good woman bade him come into her cottage, and let him have some food.

Occasionally Swiatek—that was the beggar's name, went his rounds selling small pinchbeck ornaments and beads; generally, however, only appealing to charity.

One Sunday, after church, a Mazur and his wife invited the old man into their hut and gave him a crust of pie and some meat. There were several children about, but a little girl, of nine or ten, attracted the old man's attention by her artless tricks.

Swiatek felt in his pocket and produced a ring, inclosing a piece of colored glass set over foil. This he presented to the child, who ran off delighted to show her acquisition to her companions.

"Is that little maid your daughter?" asked the beggar.

"No," answered the housewife, "she is an orphan; there was a widow in this place who died, leaving the child, and I have taken charge of her; one mouth more will not matter much, and the good God will bless us."

"Ay, ay! to be sure He will; the orphans and fatherless are under His own peculiar care."

"She's a good little thing, and gives no trouble," observed the woman. "You go back to Polomyja to-night, I reckon!"

"I do—ah!" exclaimed Swiatek, as the little girl ran up to him. "You like the ring, is it not beautiful? I found it under a big fir to the left of the church-yard—there may be dozens there. You must turn round three times, bow to the moon, and say 'Zaboi!' then look among the tree-roots till you find one."

"Come along!" screamed the child to its comrades; "we will go and look for rings."

"You must seek separately," said Swiatek.

The children scampered off into the wood.

"I have done one good thing for you," laughed the beggar, "in ridding you, for a time, of the noise of those children."

"I am glad of a little quiet now and then," said the woman; "the children will not let the baby sleep at times with their clatter. Are you going?"

"Yes; I must reach Polomyja to-night. I am old and very feeble, and poor"—he began to fall into his customary whine—"very poor, but I thank and pray to God for you."

Swiatek left the cottage.

That little orphan was never seen again.

The Austrian Government has, of late years, been vigorously advancing education among the lower orders, and establishing schools throughout the province.

The children were returning from class one day, and were scattered among the trees, some pursuing a field-mouse, others collecting juniper-berries, and some sauntering with their hands in their pockets, whistling.

"Where's Peter?" asked one little boy of another who was beside him. "We three go home the same way, let us go together."

"Peter!" shouted the lad.

"Here I am!" was the answer from among the trees; "I'll be with you directly."

"Oh, I see him!" said the elder boy. "There is some one talking to him."

"Where?"

"Yonder, among the pines. Ah! they have gone further into the shadow, and I can not see them any more. I wonder who was with him; a man, I think."

The boys waited till they were tired, and then they sauntered home, determined to thrash Peter for having kept them waiting. *But Peter was never seen again.*

Some time after this a servant-girl belonging to a small store kept by a Russian, disappeared from a village five miles from Polomyja. She had been sent with a parcel of grocery to a cottage at no very great distance, but lying apart from the main cluster of hovels, and surrounded by trees.

The day closed in, and her master waited her return anxiously, but as several hours elapsed without any sign of her, he—assisted by the neighbors—went in search of her.

A slight powdering of snow covered the ground, and her footsteps could be traced at intervals where she had diverged from the beaten track. In that part of the road where the trees were thickest there were marks of two pair of feet leaving the path; but owing to the density of the trees at that spot and to the slightness of the fall of snow, which did not reach the soil, where shaded by the pines, the footprints were immediately lost. By the following morning a heavy fall had obliterated any further traces which daylight might have disclosed.

The servant-girl also was never seen again.

During the winter of 1849 the wolves were supposed to have been particularly ravenous, for thus alone did people account for the mysterious disappearances of children.

A little boy had been sent to a fountain to fetch water; the pitcher was found standing by the well, but *the boy had vanished*. The villagers turned out, and those wolves which could be found were dispatched.

We have already introduced our readers to Polomyja, although the occurrences above related did not take place among those eight hovels, but in neighboring villages. The reason for our having given a more detailed account of this cluster of houses—rude cabins they were—will now become apparent.

In May, 1849, the innkeeper of Polomyja missed a couple of ducks, and his suspicions fell upon the beggar who lived there, and whom he held in no esteem, as he himself was a hard-working, industrious man, while Swiatek maintained himself, his wife, and children by mendicity, although possessed of sufficient arable land to yield an excellent crop of maize, and produce vegetables, if tilled with ordinary care.

As the publican approached the cottage a fragrant whiff of roast greeted his nostrils.

"I'll catch the fellow in the act!" said the innkeeper to himself, stealing up to the door, and taking good care not to be observed.

As he threw open the door he saw the mendicant hurriedly shuffle something under his feet, and conceal it beneath his long clothes. The publican was on him in an instant, had him by the throat, charged him with theft, and dragged him from his seat. Judge of his sickening horror when from beneath the pauper's clothes rolled forth the head of a girl about the age of fourteen or fifteen years, carefully separated from the trunk.

In a short while the neighbors came up. The venerable Swiatek was locked up, along with his wife, his daughter—a girl of sixteen—and a son, aged five.

The hut was thoroughly examined, and the mutilated remains of the poor girl discovered. In a vat were found the legs and thighs, partly fresh, partly stewed or roasted. In a chest were the heart, liver, and entrails, all prepared and cleaned, as neatly as though done by a skillful butcher; and, finally, under the oven was a bowl full of fresh blood. On his way to the magistrate of the district the wretched man flung himself repeatedly on the ground, struggled with his guards, and endeavored to suffocate himself by gulping down clods of earth and stones, but was prevented by his conductors.

When taken before the Protokoll at Dabkow, he stated that he had already killed and—assisted by his family—eaten six persons. His children, however, asserted most positively that the number was much greater than he had represented, and their testimony is borne out by the fact, that the remains of *fourteen* different caps and suits of clothes, male as well as female, were found in his house.

The origin of this horrible and depraved taste was as follows, according to Swiatek's own confession:

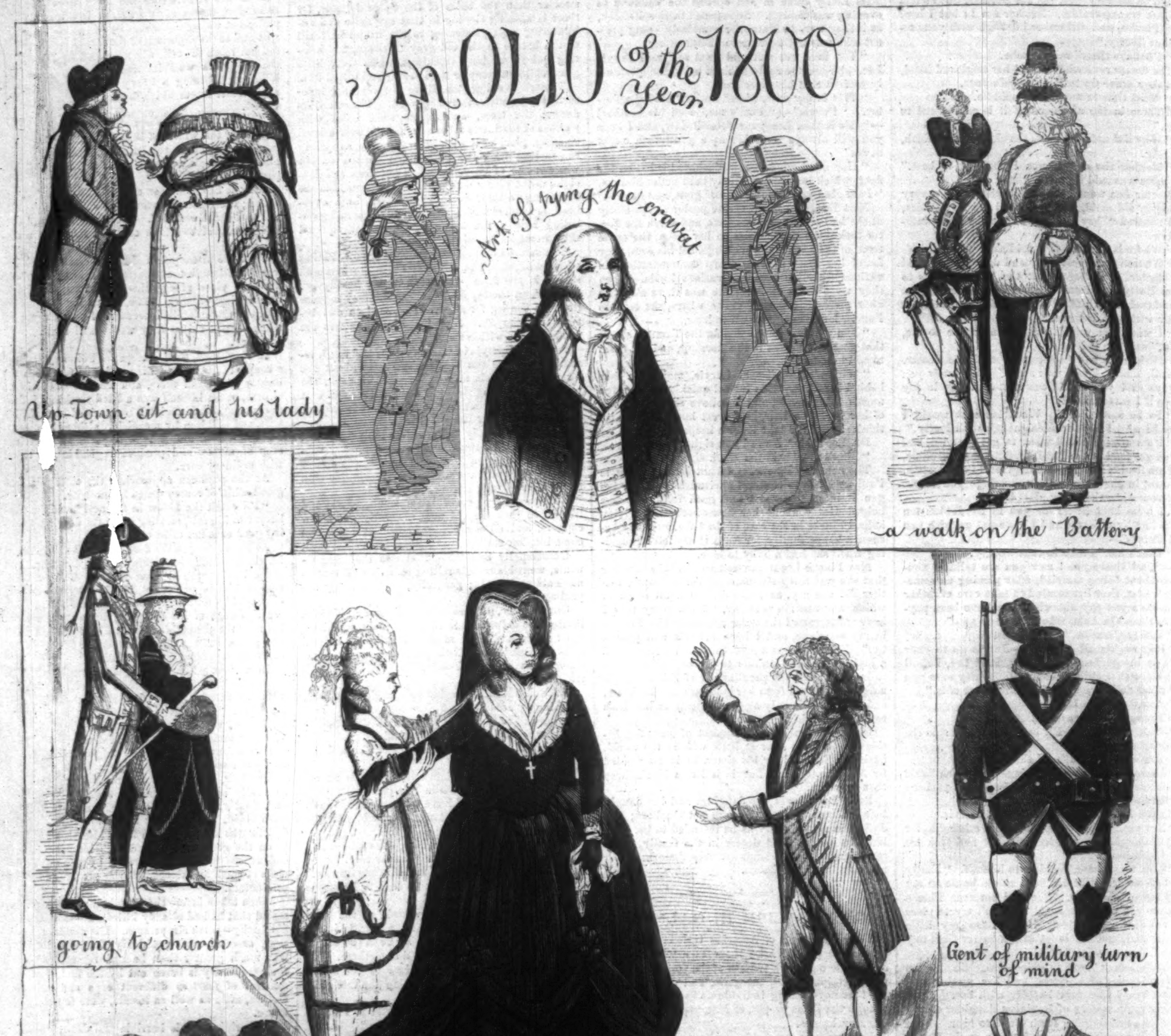
In 1846, three years previous, a Jewish tavern in the neighborhood had been burned down, and the host had himself perished in the flames. Swiatek, while examining the ruins, had found the half-roasted corpse of the publican among the charred rafters of the house. At that time the old man was craving with hunger, having been destitute of food for some time. The scent and the sight of the roasted flesh inspired him with an uncontrollable desire to taste of it. He tore off a portion of the carcass and satiated his hunger, upon it, and at the same time he conceived such a liking for it that he could feel no rest till he had tasted again. His second victim was the orphan above alluded to; since then—that is, during the period of no less than three years—he had frequently subsisted in the same manner, and had actually grown sleek and fat upon his frightful meals.

The excitement roused by the discovery of these atrocities was intense; several poor mothers, who had bewailed the loss of their little ones, felt their wounds reopened agonizingly. Popular indignation rose to the highest pitch; there was some fear lest the criminal should be torn in pieces himself by the enraged people, as soon as he was brought to trial: but he saved the necessity of precautions being taken to insure his safety, for, on the first night of his confinement, he hanged himself from the bars of his prison-window.

We gladly leave the matter here, thinking that perhaps it would have been hardly judicious to recall such an act of outrageous wickedness, were it not for the attention which has of late been directed to morbid diseases of the brain and senses. Such a case as that above recorded is by no means without a parallel: we could adduce some surpassing it in horror, but we discreetly refrain.

DEAN SWIFT'S RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls or two or three treats,
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure,
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.



An OLIO of the Year 1800

Up-Town cit and his lady

Art of tying the cravat

a walk on the Battery

going to church

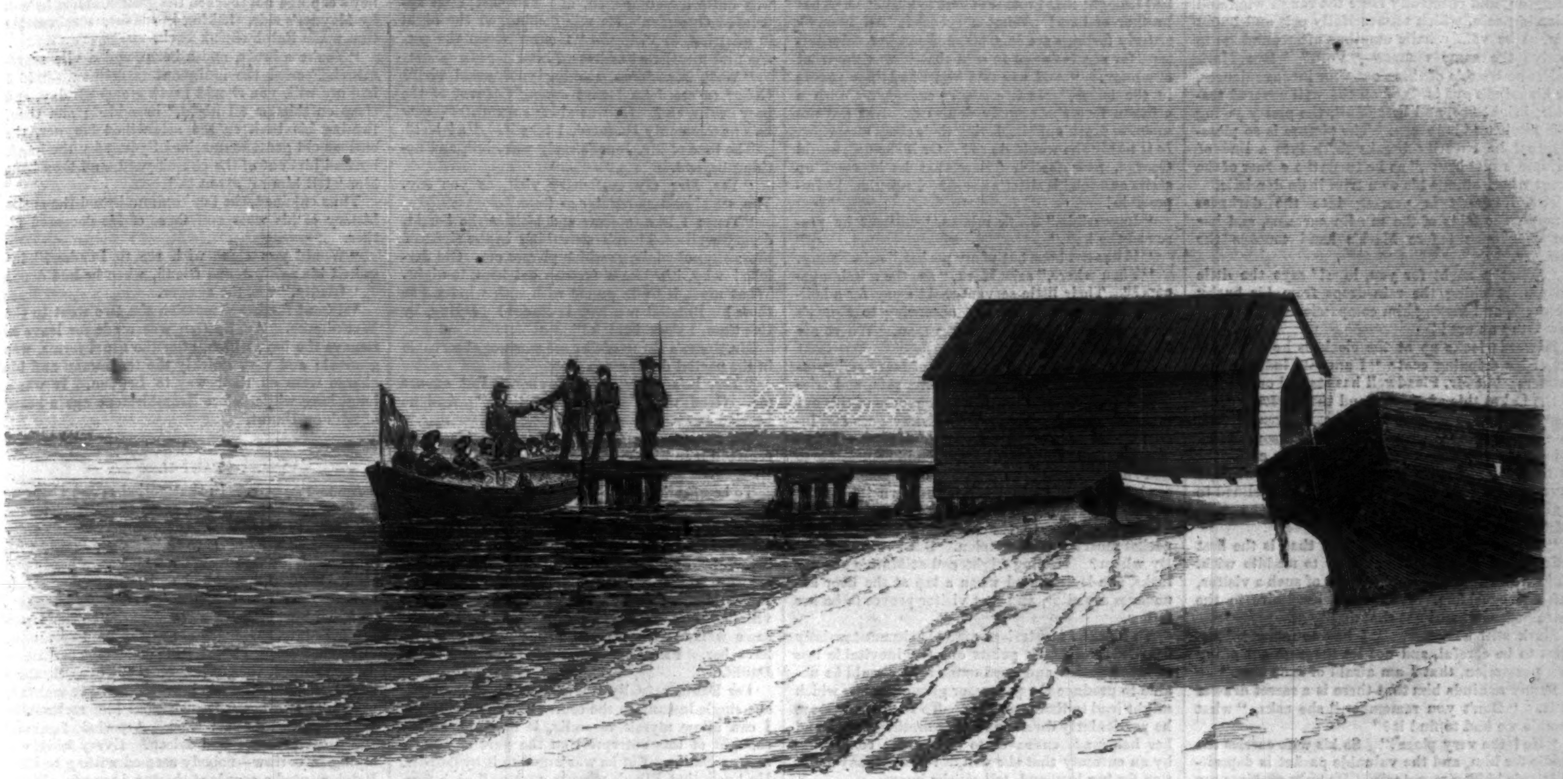
Gent of military turn of mind

Fashionable Theatricals of 1800
(A SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS)

A General and his wife

Lady's Gentleman of 1800

A Belle of the period



VIEW OF THE BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[From a Sketch by an Officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's Command.]

BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS.

We publish herewith, from sketches kindly sent us by officers of Lieutenant Slemmer's command, a view of one of the ten flank casemate batteries at Fort Pickens, and a view of the boat-house at which all the interviews between the Secessionist leaders and the United States forces are held. One of our correspondents writes:

"Fort Pickens, Florida, *March* 15, 1861.

"Inclosed please find a drawing representing the Landing and Boat-house of Fort Pickens, Florida. This is the first and most familiar object that meets the visitor's eyes on coming to the fort, as it is the point where all must come who visit the island, and besides, as you come into the harbor, it is the only object that breaks the monotony of the beach for miles.

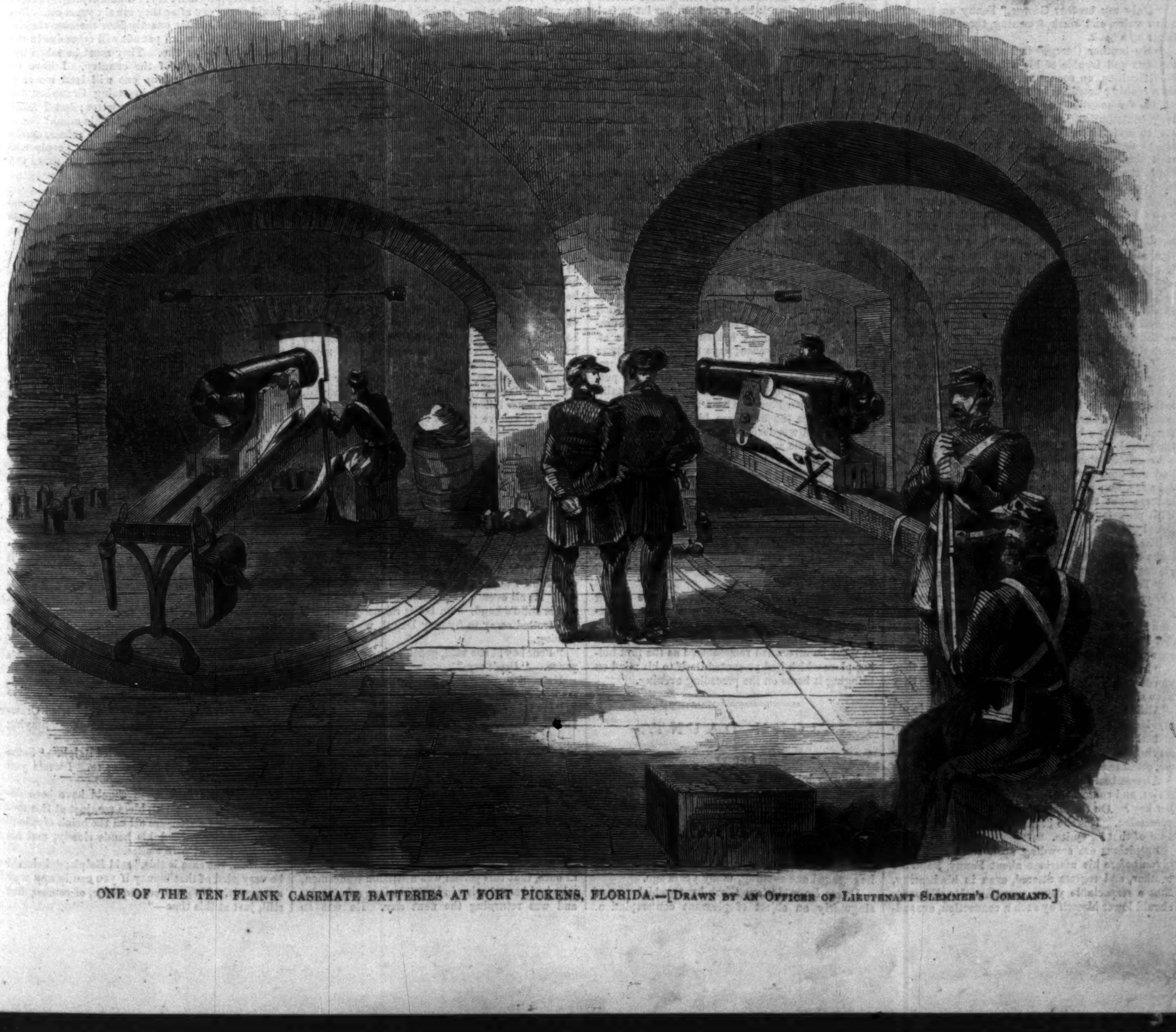
"On the left is the Quarantine Point, about seven miles distant. This is a projection from the main land. Pensacola lies across a bay to the left of the Quarantine. The central opening in the distant shore is the continuation of Pensacola Harbor to the eastward. The point on the right is 'Fair Point,' and at its base is an old Spanish fort, concealed by the boat-house. I will send you a sketch of it in a few days.

"The sentinel, at the moment I immortalized him, was watching the minnows.

"No strangers or secessionist friends are allowed to land at any point but this wharf. Here all interviews are held, and here Lieutenant Slemmer was thrice summoned to surrender—twice by Major Chase, in command of the united secession forces. The interviews on this wharf are frequent, and it was only yesterday that I met an old comrade who served with me in the Florida War, but who is now aid to Bragg; while the day before I met the embassador from Bragg, and recognized a former class-mate at West Point. Both are serving the secessionists, and came with letters from their commanders. We took a friendly glass while sitting on the wharf, and renewed assurances."

LOST!

A parting glance round the office, to assure himself all desks, closets, and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up, and prepares for home.



ONE OF THE TEN FLANK CASEMATE BATTERIES AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[Drawn by an Officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's Command.]

With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps toward Islington, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to receive the same answer—"Full." But Mark makes no trouble of these out-door inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well-covered tea-table, bright fire, and best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of "Home, sweet home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for you, love!" says the little matron, brushing the rain-drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; "and how late you are!"

Edwards looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat. "I am late indeed!" he answers; but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the Lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, Fanny—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; in the mean while, I have to copy one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?"

"Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's cheek pales at the idea of such a visitor, and she considers. "That old escritoire in the spare bedroom, will not that do?"

Mark still hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my own possession, that I am afraid of even that."

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it. "Don't you remember," she asks, "what trouble we had to find it?"

"Ha! the very place!" So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, the which Fanny, laughing and blushing, confesses are Mr. Mark Edwards's love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes cold and cross.

How is it that next evening his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? Fanny's spirits seemed depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.

"Have you had any visitors to-day?" her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.

The hesitating "No" is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes!' Who has been here?"

"Only my brother George," Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away, and takes up a book.

"My brother George" is his *aversion*, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than rushing headlong into another, sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relatives able or willing to assist him. Mark has seriously contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although *he* knows where his wife's brooch went, and why she wears that old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say any thing, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of copying. While he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her "poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and hurries with him to the spare bedroom, asserting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I can not produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; *that* I might replace, these I can not. Tell me at once where they are."

"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself. They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer."

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked; hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite.

Suspicions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts's brother, and regrets uttered, even in his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet her voice falters, for she is forced to own that it was the want of money. "And you told him I had those papers in the house," Mark cries, accusingly. With a crimson face she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

"Impossible," Mark retorts, "without he possessed the key."

"It has not been out of my pocket," sobs Fanny.

"Then where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. Meanwhile, Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, although it would puzzle her to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At last she returns to the parlor in despair. The packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted when a tap at the door announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the mysterious affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers, or give any clew which might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and her half-made endeavor to conceal it; concluding by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the father interposes. To tamely hear both his children accused of such a crime is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter-accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy end, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this championship, and she weeps so bitterly, and pleads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them to shut himself in his chamber. After some hours, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up the stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in an uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his shoulder, and feeling more forlorn and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her, if he persists in believing her guilty?

A footstep overhead startles them. "It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's listening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer!"

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and they hear him enter the chamber where stands the now shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife raises herself from her reclining position, and smoothes her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, child, look!" he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsomely bound volumes of the "History of England," which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, returns the volumes to their shelf, carefully putting them even, locks the glass-doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches the key from his hand. Rubbing his eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smollet from their proud position to assume an inglorious one on the hearth-rug and in the fender; the once treasured *Belle Assemblées* are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love-letters receive similar usage; and then, from behind all the rest, Fanny triumphantly takes out the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal. Crying and laughing in one breath, the happy little wife is the next moment in her husband's arms, kissing and being kissed *ad libitum*.

Little explanation was needed. The young man's brain, excited by extreme anxiety regarding his trust, had led to his cautiously rising in the night, and unconsciously transferring the packet to what he afterward remembered as the first hiding-place which had presented itself to his mind on bringing it home on the preceding evening.

JOHN DAUNT.

PART I.

Moved by a soft strain of music, a man will sometimes turn his face upward, and look as though a paradise were opening above him. Opposite a striking picture a beholder will become as a statue. But a man, standing with his back to a wall, feasting his eyes upon a work-house, is, indeed, an odd sight. Thus, however, a man stood, and thus was he engaged one evening, many years ago.

It was Bramblestone Work-house which was so singularly an object of pleasant contemplation. The New Poor-Law had not then been enacted, and Mr. Jones, subsequently Relieving Officer, was quite a young man, and had just been appointed Overseer. He was coming, on the night in question, to visit the "House," when the person first mentioned addressed him.

"Well, Mr. Jones, making your usual visit? Going to see John Daunt among the rest of the poor devils, eh? He was always demented—now he's uncommonly Daunted, I take it. Ha! ha!"

The tone of Mr. Jones's reply was civil, and nothing beyond.

"Yes, Sir; my customary visit, as you say. You are almost as regular as I am."

"True; I like to come and look at the horrid, dreary walls. There's something in the sight of those slips of windows which pleases me. Old Jericho! why, it's like a furnace out here, to-night. What must it be in rooms with such windows as those? But tell me, how is Daunt? Dying, by this time, I should think!"

Mr. Jones's shrug of disgust was not observable in the partial darkness.

"Yes, he's dying, Mr. Mayner. But excuse me. Good-night. I'm behind time." And he hurried away.

Mr. Mayner knocked the ashes from his cigar, replaced it in his mouth, and sauntered away likewise.

To be effeminate—to be weak in feeling and resolve—one shrinks from that notion, as picturing something so poor and mean. But to be bold and strong, and to be moved by the spirit of a fiend, is awful. John Daunt was an humble, shrinking creature from his boyhood, and, from his boyhood, Ralph Mayner was an unscrupulous, determined villain. How those two men came to love the same woman is a mystery; but only one could have her. Ellen Leslie became the wife of John Daunt.

For Daunt actually ran away with her. If for one single instant, in the course of this dark story, I can allow myself to smile, it must be at the thought of this enterprise on the part of such a man as Daunt. But he was urged to it by despair. He knew that Ellen's parents were well-nigh forcing her into a marriage with his rival. He knew that rival's character well. There was no time to be lost. The pair went away by moonlight, and were married. A year afterward Ellen Daunt gave birth to a son, and died.

As time rolled on additional troubles fell upon Daunt. A fatality seemed to hang over all he undertook. He had settled near Bramblestone as a small farmer. For some years he just managed to live; but an unseen influence was perpetually dodging around him, damaging his character and credit, indisposing people to deal with him, and causing him loss in various ways. Though he knew it not, Ralph Mayner was busy. When that monster heard of the elopement he said, with a great oath, "I'll never leave him till I've crushed him!" And, bringing his acute intellect and unswerving will to bear, backed by means and influence, which he possessed to some extent, he so environed John Daunt with nets and pitfalls that, although it was a work of years, it was a work done most effectually at last. John Daunt, one night, took his boy's hand, saying, "God help us, Sydney! Your father is penniless and friendless."

Ay; there was not a single person who came forward with the smallest aid. A brief struggle, and then poor John and his boy were actually received into Bramblestone Work-house.

Ralph Mayner heard the news. He had married some years before, and had one child—a daughter. He was now a widower.

It was a very hot summer. Mayner came, with his little girl, to Bramblestone, and took apartments outside the town, where the views were pretty and the air salubrious. Mayner then made acquaintance with the work-house officials, learned all particulars in regard to Daunt, and did not hesitate to avow his hatred against him, although he did not communicate the cause.

Dead!—there was the end. John Daunt died very shortly after his admission into the work-house. Ralph Mayner had fulfilled his oath; he had crushed his rival; his power was ended now.

But he would see the funeral.

One fine, warm morning they laid poor John Daunt in his grave, in Bramblestone church-yard. One mourner followed him—his boy, Sydney, who was about twelve years of age. Yet maybe more sorrow attended the funeral than has oftentimes been present when scores of sombre faces have formed a dismal group round a grave-side. The ceremony over, the officials departed, leaving the weeping boy to follow when he pleased.

There had been gazing at the spectacle throughout the hard-hearted Ralph Mayner, and his pretty, peculiar-featured, gentle-looking daughter, some six years old. I fancy even Ralph experienced an unusual emotion when the ceremony was over. He must have felt that now, indeed, the tragedy of "John Daunt and his Foe" was fully played out. At all events, his eyelids drooped, and he let go his child's hand. On being released, the little girl trotted away to Sydney Daunt, who was just leaving.

"Poor boy!" she said, gently, giving him a sixpence. "Don't cry."

He motioned her away, and would not take the money.

"Do take it," urged the tiny maiden; "I have plenty."

Just then waking from his reverie, Ralph Mayner witnessed, with extreme surprise and anger, the communication passing between the children. He ran to the spot, caught his little girl roughly with one hand, and, with the other, seized Sydney's cap, and flung it over the church-yard wall. Now, for several minutes past, there had been leaning over that wall, watching the parties, a respectably-attired, hearty, healthy-faced man, on the unfavorable side of sixty. I may as well say, at once, that this person was a London tradesman, who had been staying in Bramblestone a fortnight, and was returning the next day. He was an eccentric being, had not a relative in the world; but, as compensation, had plenty of money. Sydney's cap had not touched the ground before he was by Mayner's side, shaking in his face a robust fist that made Ralph shrink back.

"You're a brute, and a beast, and a vile scaramouch!" cried the indignant tradesman. "If I had my will, you should break stones all day, and sleep on thistles all night," he added; and then, turning his back on the astonished Mayner, the curious old gentleman seized Sydney by the hand, hurried him out of the church-yard, and then bade him "tell him all about it."

Thus enjoined, the boy communicated the entire history of his woes and those of his deceased father.

"Would you come with me to London?" inquired his newly-found friend, when he had done.

"Gladly," was the answer.

Without further discussion the two went to the Work-house. Application was made for leave to remove the boy, which, after the usual forms, was granted; and very quickly the tradesman and his charge were on their way to London. It was a long, long while before Bramblestone again heard of Sydney Daunt.

PART II.

Twenty years. In that period round changes, both for good and for evil, come to pass. Twenty years from the ending of the first part of this story had brought gray hairs to Ralph Mayner, and with them anxieties and troubles which bore hard upon him. He had speculated and been unsuccessful; and now, with broken health and soured temper, he found himself with a cloud of difficulties hanging over him. He was not a poor man even now, but he had become involved in a variety of schemes, so intertwined, that unless he could keep them all healthily afloat, the whole would collapse and ruin him. That gloomy issue stared him awkwardly in the face at this very time. A period of general and great pressure had arisen. Every body was trying to borrow—nobody seemed willing to lend. Ralph wanted a couple of thousand pounds. Wanted it!—he must have it. It was a life and death matter to him—he would be ruined without it. In a few days acceptances to that amount would come due. If they were dishonored, Ralph would be utterly prostrated.

And yet he had tried in every quarter, and failed. Ralph frightened his kind, loving daughter, Annie—he looked at times so stern, and became so fickle in his humor.

They sat together one evening.

"I am going to London to-morrow," said Ralph, abruptly.

"To-morrow, papa, and so unwell as you are!"

"Yes, Annie; you know I'm on the brink of ruin."

"Oh, my dear father."

"There, pray don't cry. I hate crying. People should never cry after they are six years old. But I want you to know exactly how the case stands. Bills for two thousand pounds will come due in the course of a day or two. They must be taken up, or we must go out of the country. I have no money available, and no one will lend me any. The only chance left is in seeing Crawsher, the solicitor. He has refused by letter; but I think if I could see him he would alter his mind."

"But, dear papa, even should he refuse, surely we need not leave England. If the people who hold these securities will only give you time, you will pay them."

Ralph laughed, grimly.

"Perhaps they might, under ordinary circumstances, Annie; but there is one small unfortunate feature about these bills, which will interfere. Can you guess it?"

"Not in the least, papa."

"I forged them, Annie."

A little scream and a deadly faintness were the results of this communication.

"There now, Annie, don't let us have heroics, or hysterics, or any thing of the kind. Listen! There is no reason why you should deem your father worse than he really is. If ever there was a palliation for—for the act I have mentioned, it is here. The people owed me the money, and would neither pay me nor give me their acceptances. I was shockingly pressed, and at length I *made* the bills. If I can find the money to what is called 'retire' them in a couple of days, all will be well. If I can not, I must run away. If they catch me, they will transport me for life."

Ralph said all this in a jaunty way, with his back to the fire, and his arms under his coat tails. Annie sat pale and shivering.

"So, Annie, the first thing in the morning, you'll pack up as much as you can without creating wonderment in the house, and we'll go together to London. Now, my candle, please, and we'll to bed. Kiss me, Annie. Bless my heart, the silly thing's all in a quiver, and her lips and cheek are as cold as ice. You must get over these school-girl shakings, Annie. Your father never remembers being a boy. At your age you should be no longer as a child."

To London they went. They found apartments in a not very lively locality—Salisbury Street, in the Strand. To Crawsher, the solicitor, straightway repaired Mr. Mayner.

"Ah, Mr. Mayner, how d'ye do?" cried Crawsher, buoyantly, extending his hand. "Staying in town, eh?"

"For a very short time," replied Ralph. "Some trifling matters want attending to. I wrote you the other day."

"Yes, and I replied. I should have been delighted, you know; but, bless me, just at this moment, we, in London, are all on the brink of ruin;" and Crawsher rubbed his hands slowly, and his face was radiant with smiles.

"Well, the case is this," said Ralph; "I should be very glad of that money if you can in any way manage it. No great consequence, of course; but still, just at this time—"

"My dear Sir," interrupted the lawyer, "there really *is* no money. I don't think I could squeeze out a fifty-pound note to save my own father from bankruptcy."

"Humph!" grunted Ralph, "it will bother me."

Crawsher's only reply was to put his hands in his pockets, and look more benevolent than before.

"How's Miss Annie?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, middling," replied Ralph.

An expression crept across his face which Crawsher did not observe.

"By-the-way, when did you see young Lucerne last?" he inquired.

"Six weeks back."

"Then you don't know what's occurred?"

"Eh? No. Nothing bad, I hope, to Lucerne; for he's a nice young fellow—plenty of money, and a good client."

"He's about making somebody a good husband," said Ralph, significantly.

"What!" cried Crawsher. "You don't mean—is it—is he going to marry our dear young lady?"

Ralph nodded. (A great vagabond was Ralph.)

"I'm astounded! All settled?"

"Every thing."

"Humph! I'm right glad. A little business for me, too. I shall have Lucerne here shortly, no doubt, about *the* settlement. Ha! ha! But, stay, I'm forgetting your own particular matter."

"Oh, if there's not fifty pounds to be had—" Ralph was beginning, cavalierly.

"Oh, well, never mind that; we must see, you know. I've a client, the *protégé* of an old tradesman, who has lately died and left him a heap of money. He'll want to see you himself, for he's rather a funny customer. But come here the first thing in the morning, and I dare say we shall manage it. Good-by! good-by!"

"I think we shall be able to go back to Bramblestone safe and sound, Annie," said Ralph, when he had returned to his daughter.

"Thank God, papa!"

"There's no doubt he'll do it, I think," muttered Ralph, to himself. "It's running it rather close, though. I must have the money to-morrow."

Early the next morning Ralph was with Crawsher.

"Well," said the latter, "my man is in the other room."

"Can I have the money at once?" asked Ralph, with barely concealed anxiety.

"He'll give you the check in this room, my friend. I know he'll do it, for he said so; but he wants to see you."

He walked to the door of an inner room, and opened it.

"Walk in, Mr. Daunt. Will you be kind enough? Mr. Daunt, Mr. Mayner. Mr. Mayner—Eh! Bless me! what's wrong?"

Nothing, so far as Sydney Daunt was concerned, for the lawyer's communication had revealed to him (though he had said nothing to the lawyer) to whom he was asked to lend; but Ralph fell back, saying, huskily,

"Have we seen each other before, Sir?"

"I am Sydney Daunt," was the reply. "Twenty years since you and I were in Bramblestone church-yard. Nay, don't turn away, Mr. Mayner. Let that sad story drop. I have no desire for what men call revenge. You want a couple of thousand pounds—there is the check."

But even in that dire extremity, Ralph Mayner was the Ralph Mayner—the watcher of Bramblestone work-house; the cruel witness in Bramblestone church-yard; his features quivering, his limbs shaking in spite of him, so that he had to grasp the table for support.

"And do you think," he uttered, in a hoarse voice, "that I am become a weak, cry-baby thing like John Daunt, your father? Oh, this is beautiful! Here is a scene! Here is Christian vengeance! Shall I go upon my knees, and weep over you, young man? Shall I beg a blessing on you, and entreat forgiveness for the past? Hark ye, now! I would be torn limb from limb first! Sooner than take that check I'd burn myself bit by bit in yonder fire. I hate you! You have your triumph, you white-faced school-girl; but it shall go no further. Even now, Ralph Mayner can despise you from the bottom of his soul, and can hurl at you a lasting defiance."

And he rushed from the room into the street, mad and desperate.

Many hours had passed, and Annie had become uneasy on account of her father's lengthened absence. Toward afternoon she determined to seek him at Mr. Crawsher's office, which she knew to be in Gray's Inn. Being quite unacquainted with London, it is not strange that she lost her way, and, on inquiry, found herself much fatigued, near Hyde Park. She was standing, looking woefully about her, when a gentleman passed, gazed at her intently, and then stopped.

"I fancy I speak to Miss Annie Mayner," he said, still scanning her.

She bowed, hesitatingly.

"Do you remember Sydney Daunt, to whom you offered six-pence, very many years back, in Bramblestone church-yard? It is a circumstance *I* have never forgotten."

She recollected the occurrence well, she said.

"You are Mr. Daunt," she added, quickly, with emotion, for painful recollections were awakened at the name.

"Yes. Might he ask—she seemed fatigued—whether he could be of any service to her?"

She told him her trouble.

"Your father left Gray's Inn, as I happen to know, several hours back."

If he might detain her ten minutes, and she would walk in the park with him, he should much like to say a few words.

She consented, and Sydney related briefly what had occurred in the morning. When he had concluded, he said,

"Even now, I have but one feeling, and that is to help him in his difficulty."

"You don't know how great his difficulty is," thought Annie.

"Will you let me accompany you to your apartments? I will again assure him of my desire toward him."

Annie agreed. Knowing what she did, and hearing what she did now, she was greatly alarmed on her father's account. They proceeded in a cab to Salisbury Street.

The driver pulled up some doors before they reached the number given him.

"Quick! quick!" cried Sydney, out of the window.

"Can't go no further, Sir," was the answer. "Blocked up. There's a mob round the door you want to go in at."

A thrill passed through both Sydney and Annie. The cabman made inquiry of a by-stander.

"It's a man as lodges in that house as has been and drowned hisself," continued the cabman; "they're takin' on him in now."

In a moment the cab was empty, and a man, bearing a shrieking girl in his arms, was speeding through the mob.

Ralph Mayner and John Daunt lie near together in Bramblestone church-yard. Thither go Sydney and Annie Daunt (the loving husband and wife) and gaze upon their graves:

"God's judgments are a great deep."

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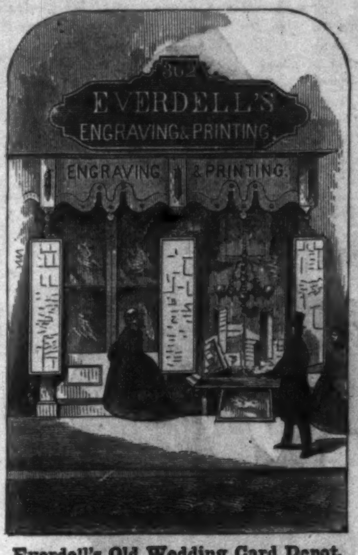

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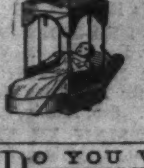

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